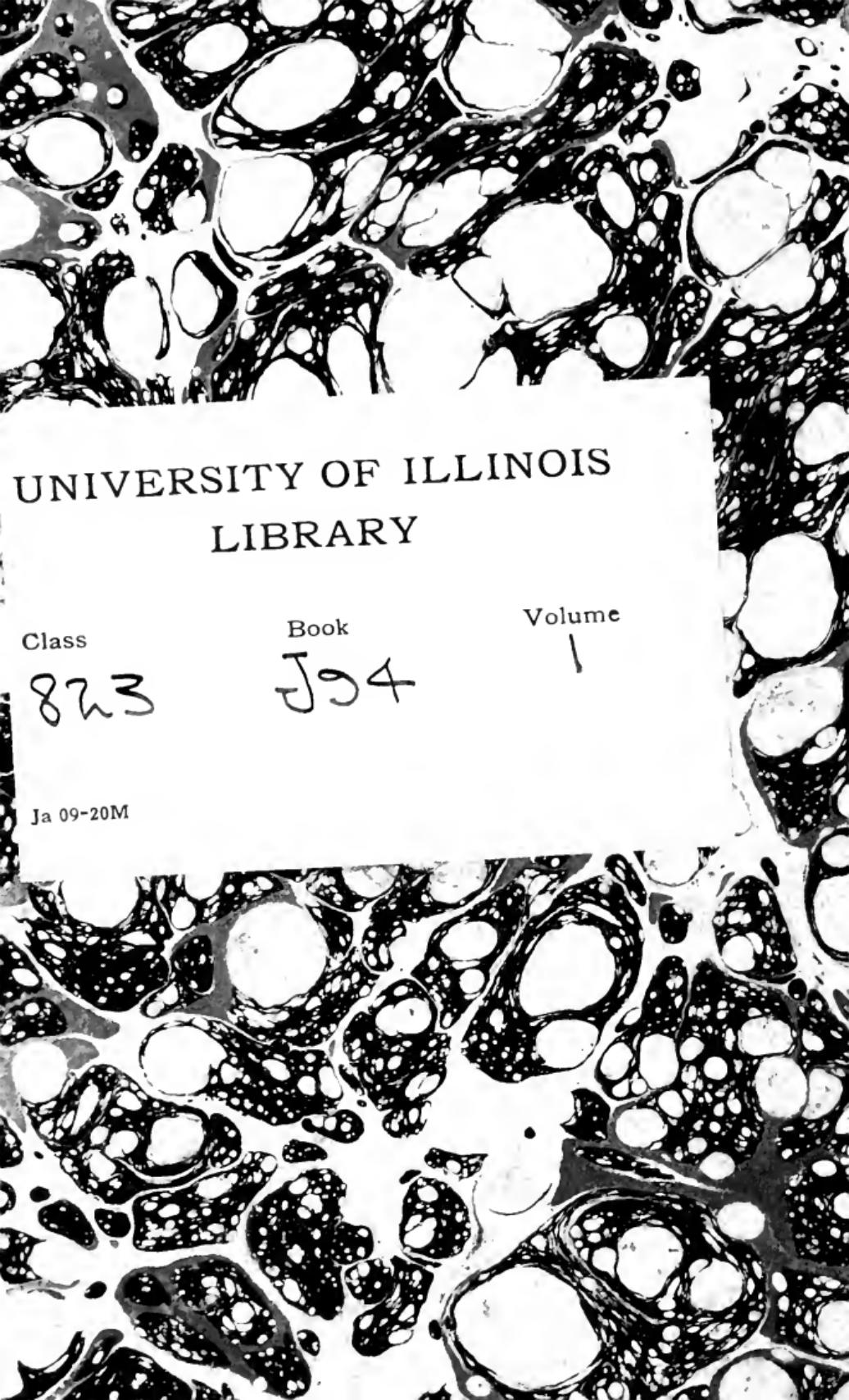


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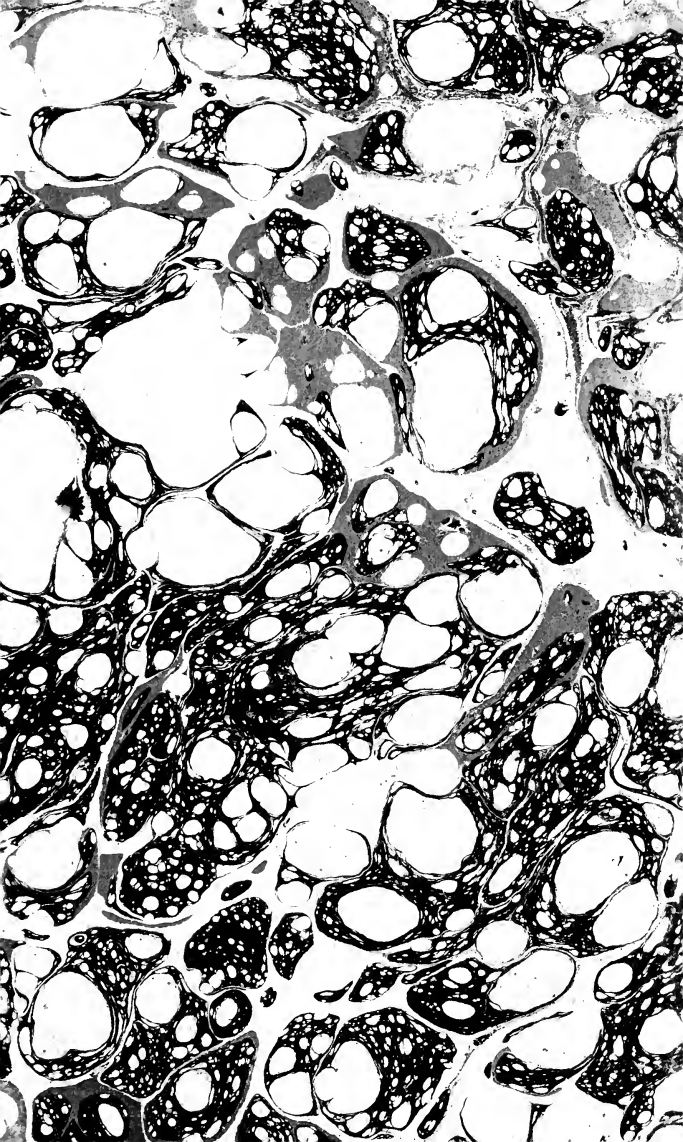
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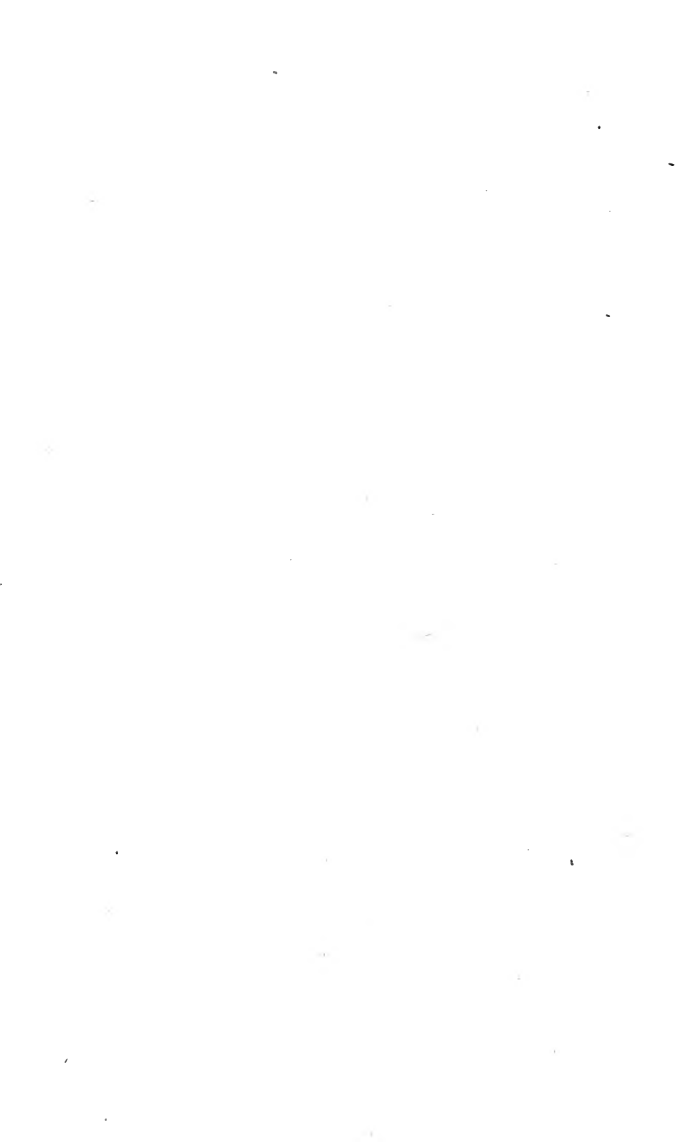
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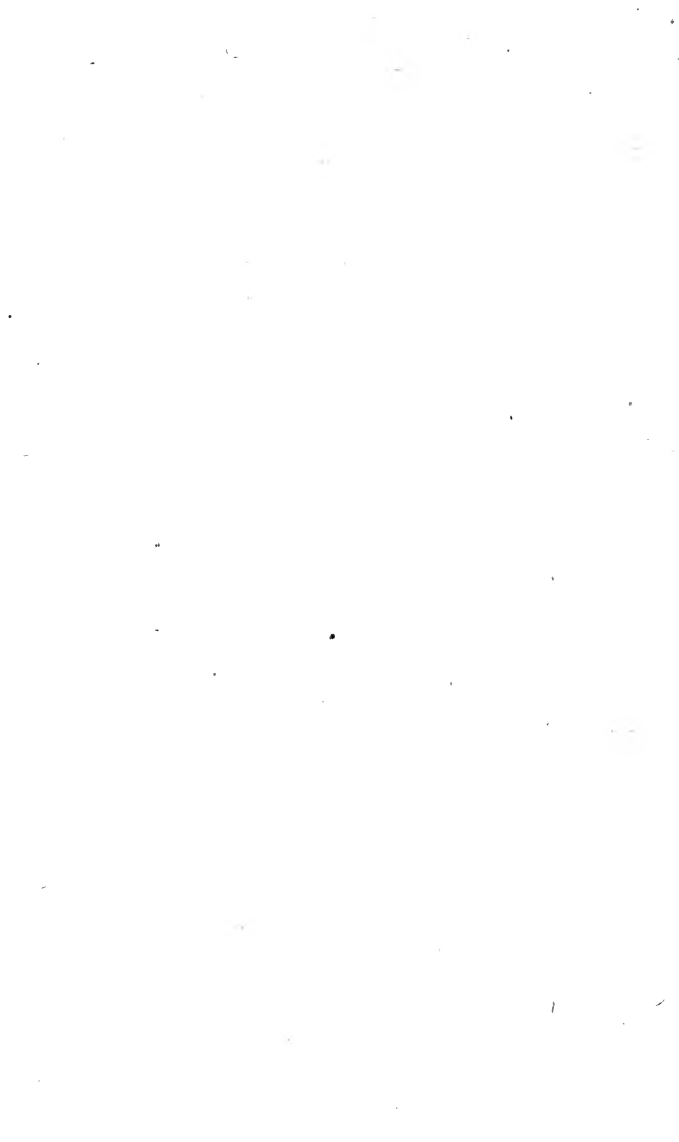
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# JULIA

DE

V I E N N E.

*A NOVEL.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY A LADY.



VOL. I.

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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

---

SIR,

Your Royal Highness, ever graciously disposed to patronize the efforts of any individual, whose motives for exertion appear deserving of approbation, has, by condescending to permit the Dedication of this Work to your Royal Highness, given it an importance to which I am aware it can in no other respect be entitled.

## DEDICATION.

With the deepest gratitude for the distinguished favour which your Royal Highness has deigned to confer on me, I venture to inscribe this my first attempt to your Royal Highness ; and have the honour to be,

SIR,

With the most profound Respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

## JULIA DE VIENNE.

---

“ You may do as you please, madam,” said M. de Seligny to his wife, who heard him with every appearance of contempt: “ you may do as you please; but I repeat, *my* opinion is against this marriage.”

“ And who asks your opinion, sir?” replied Madame de Seligny with asperity. “ My daughter *shall* marry the young Count de Montmorency; it is my pleasure; the connexion is a suitable one; and thank heaven her for-

tune is not so limited as to oblige her to become, like her mother, the wife of a financier."

"Permit me to ask you from whom she obtains this fortune," retorted M. de Seligny, shaking his head with much self-importance. "The eighty thousand livres per annum, which I intend as her marriage portion, do not come from your illustrious ancestors I believe, madam; and a plodding man of business like myself, as you are pleased sometimes to call me, after having spent his life in acquiring four millions, may, I think, without much vanity, place himself on a footing with your *gentlemen*, whose only possessions are their pedigree from Noah, pride, and poverty."

“ Hold your tongue, sir,” exclaimed Madame de Seligny.

To this imperious order (the effect of which was always infallible on the mind of the financier) he dared not reply, but coughed, took out his snuff-box, twirled it about with his fingers, and then, whistling his favourite tune, fixed his large unmeaning eyes on the countenance of his daughter, who was seated opposite to him, and next to Julia d’Aubigny, the niece of Madame de Seligny.

The conversation we have recited had occurred in M. de Seligny’s splendid carriage, drawn by six beautiful English horses, and on the high road from Paris to Tours. At a distance of about two miles from the latter town

and on the border of the Loire, was the Chateau de St. Louis, where the family were to pass the summer, and conclude the union of Louisa de Seligny and the young Count de Montmorency.

Louisa, after reflecting for some moments, broke the silence that prevailed in the carriage, by asking her mother if the husband she intended for her had a pretty face. “Yes, my dear,” answered Madame de Seligny; “and what is much better, by your marriage with him, you will enjoy all the advantages attached to an illustrious birth, and you will be presented at court.”

“Ah! cousin,” exclaimed the artless Julia, “how fortunate you are!—a handsome husband! and be presented

at court ! Heavens ! what a difference between your fate and mine ! for I am to be shut up for ever in a cloister, because I am a girl of quality without fortune ! That is hard, very hard indeed," she added in tears.

Madame de Seligny affected to comfort her niece, and already repented of having yielded to her request of being permitted to leave the convent, to pass the summer at the Chateau de St. Louis. Probably her regret was occasioned by comparing the intelligent countenance of Julia with the insipid face of her daughter. She feared the young Count de Montmorency might make the same comparison ; and this apprehension ended in putting her out of humour with the innocent Julia, whom

she desired, rather angrily, not again to annoy her with complaints.

Julia obeyed, but with difficulty suppressed her sighs. Louisa appeared in no way affected by her cousin's unhappiness; not that she had a bad heart, but it was impossible for her to *feel*; and her intercourse with the world had not yet rendered her sufficiently a hypocrite to feign a sensibility she did not possess.

Her face, like her mind, was devoid of expression, or character. In her large pale blue eyes no meaning whatever was discoverable: her hair and eye-brows were of the most insipid flaxen. She was tall and thin, but her form was totally destitute of grace; and notwithstanding the elegance of

her dress, which distinguished her from her cousin, the latter, with her simple short white frock, attracted more attention than Louisa in her flowing robe of magnificently embroidered muslin.

Julia d'Aubigny, at sixteen, had one of those faces it is impossible to describe: her features, if judged of singly, could not be called regularly beautiful; but they were altogether so expressive, animated, and engaging, that the most severe critic might have found, even in their defects, something to admire. Her dark eyes were not large, but their expression was so penetrating, affectionate, and modest, that they were preferable to the finest eyes in the world: a well-shaped nose,

a dazzling complexion, and her bright chesnut hair, excited much admiration, no one perceived that her oval face had not the exact contour of perfect beauty, or that her figure, although fine, wanted the graceful ease which adds so many charms to feminine loveliness.

Julia was born at Vienne, an ancient town of Dauphiny. She was the daughter of Madame de Seligny's sister, and lost her mother whilst still in her cradle; and in the following year her father was mortally wounded at the siege of Prague, in 1741. Before his death, he requested his brother, the Chevalier d'Aubigny, who received his last sigh, to entreat the protection of her aunt for his little Julia, to

whom he left no other patrimony than an illustrious name, and the hope of some trifling pension, which he thought his country could not refuse to services that had cost him his life. Madame de Seligny willingly took the charge of her niece; and having, after infinite trouble, obtained an annual gratuity of four hundred and fifty livres for the little orphan, she placed her in the same convent where her own daughter was educating, strictly enjoining the nuns early to inculcate in Julia's mind such principles as would make her consider the cloister her only asylum. She promised to pay her dowry when Julia became of a proper age to take the veil; and she never afterwards saw her niece, without reminding her of her po-

verty, and the destitute situation she would have been reduced to but for her goodness. “It is for you, young lady, to recompense me for my kindness, by implicitly following my orders,” added Madame de Seligny, “always bearing in your mind, that if you dare to disobey me, you have nothing to expect but the most abject poverty and wretchedness.”

Julia kissed her aunt’s hand, promised never to give her cause for displeasure; and during her childhood these promises were made with sincerity: but scarcely had she attained her fifteenth year when she became gloomy, absent, and thoughtful; and whenever Madame de Seligny addressed to her the same sort of discourse, tears were

her only answer. Her disposition, which had ever until now been remarked for docility and sweetness, appeared altogether changed. She was affected by the slightest contradiction, and saw in every remonstrance an intention to wound her feelings and self-love, and to reproach her with her poverty : even the affection of her companions appeared to her the result of compassion, and she avoided their society. To Louisa she was ever the same, because she believed herself necessary to her cousin ; for that young creature, whose supineness and indolence were extreme, never took any step, or formed any resolution whatever, until she had first obtained her cousin's opinion. 'Twas Julia presided at her toilet, arranged

the fashion of her cloaths, and the colours most becoming to her; and Julia having naturally an elegant taste, Louisa's style was always thought the model of excellence.

Madame de Seligny, gratified by the admiration bestowed on her daughter's elegance, felt something like gratitude to Julia, for making her child appear to the best advantage: she most anxiously wished her to fascinate the young Count De Montmorency, and to this desire only was Julia indebted for permission to accompany them to the Chateau de St. Louis.

The hope of leaving for some months the convent, from which she had not from her infancy been absent, restored all Julia's vivacity. She was at length

about to know that world of which she often heard so infatuating a description.—She should no longer see that dismal governess of the novices, who daily wearied her with lectures on the invaluable advantages of a life devoted to religion.

“ Ah ! ” exclaimed Julia, her eyes glistening with delight, “ the amiable persons with whom I am going to associate will speak a different language; they will not think as my cruel aunt does, that I ought to be buried in a cloister, because I am poor ! who knows but they may induce her to change her intentions ; perhaps too I may obtain permission to remain with Louisa when she is married.”

This idea made Julia start from

her seat; she flew to her cousin's apartment, kissed her repeatedly, without being able to speak: at length she so far succeeded in governing her emotion as to give utterance to her wishes. Louisa heard her without being at all affected or moved by the ardour of her cousin, and answered her with perfect calmness, that she would speak about it to her mother. The next day M. and Madame Seligny took away their daughter and niece in the same carriage we have already mentioned; and accompanied by a post-chaise, conveying the servants of their suite, they took, as we before have said, the road to the Chateau de St. Louis.

The family slept on the road, and at an early hour in the evening of the

following day arrived at the end of their journey:

When the carriage entered the avenue leading to the castle, Julia could not restrain a shriek of admiration.

“Heavens! aunt, what a beautiful house!” said she. “This M. de Montmorency must be very rich to inhabit so fine a palace; and then this park, these statues: oh, Louisa! Louisa! do look at that round building all over gold, in the midst of the trees; it is surrounded by little bells, which make the most delightful noise in the world.”

“It is a Chinese temple,” replied Louisa, scarcely raising her eyes.

“What a lovely thing a Chinese temple is!” cried Julia.

Leaning out of the carriage window, she continued to enumerate all the objects passing before her vision. Her head was in continual motion. The expression of her astonishment and joy infinitely amused M. de Seligny, and almost raised a faint smile on the lips of his haughty wife; but she soon regained her usual grave and austere manners, ordered her niece to put a period to her silly observations, and above all to be careful not to exhibit her convent ignorance in the presence of those to whom she would shortly be introduced.

The financier and his family were received with extreme politeness by the Countess de Montmorency, mother to the young man for whom Louisa was

intended ; but there was something so repulsive in her manners—her physiognomy was so frigid and scornful, that for the first time in her life, Louisa, losing her natural apathy, took a decided aversion to her future mother-in-law.

As for Julia, she had not remarked either the figure or manners of the countess : entirely occupied by the magnificence of the apartments, she darted her looks of admiration and surprise upon all the objects by which she was surrounded. The beauty and grandeur of the glasses, which from all sides reflected the well executed paintings on the cieling and pannels ; the porcelain vases, filled with the sweetest flowers, that decorated the

chimney-piece—all appeared to her the effect of magic and enchantment ; but what most particularly attracted her attention was a picture of Love Adolescent.—A youthful cupid was leaning against a tree, several arrows were scattered at his feet, and he was employed in selecting others from his quiver.

“ Oh ! dear aunt, what a most beautiful St. Sebastian ! ” exclaimed Julia ; “ do come nearer to admire it ; see how he seems to be playing with the instruments of his martyrdom.”

Bursts of laughter from all the company a little disconcerted poor Julia. She turned round rather alarmed, but was completely confounded on perceiving a young man in

a hunting dress, who had just entered the room, and whom she instantly recognized as the original of the beautiful St. Sebastian. She blushed, dared not raise her eyes, and was motionless on the place where she stood.

“Allow me, madam, the honour of presenting my son to you,” said the Countess de Montmorency to Madame de Seligny.

The young man gracefully bowed ; and when he advanced to address Louisa, he cast a glance on Julia that rendered her face and bosom quite scarlet, and entirely disconcerted her.

A magnificent supper was served, after which the ladies retired early to their apartments, to recover from the fatigue of their journey. On the next

day all the families of consideration in the vicinity, and many individuals from the neighbouring towns, visited the castle, on the invitation of the Countess de Montmorency. In the evening the front of the mansion and the park were illuminated, and the entertainment concluded with a ball; indeed the countess spared no pains to convince her guests of the happiness she experienced in their society, for as the fortune and expectations of Miss de Seligny exactly suited the ambitious projects she had conceived for her son, she contrived in all ways to please the family of the financier, although for every member of it she had notwithstanding a most perfect contempt.

Julia during the early part of the evening danced with the Chevalier de Courcy, an intimate friend of young De Montmorency. She experienced a delirium of joy till then unknown to her. The convent, and her fear of returning to it, were soon erased from her remembrance, and she gave herself up with delight to the present moment.

Her face, animated by pleasure, appeared more than usually attractive—even the simplicity of her dress gave her new charms.

“ Oh ! the lovely creature ! ” was exclaimed from all quarters ; “ Oh ! what a lovely creature ! ”

Montmorency, although obliged to converse with Louisa, looked only at Julia : after dancing part of the evening

with his intended bride, he requested the hand of the beautiful orphan, who, recollecting the incident of the preceding day, blushed deeply on presenting it. She soon, however, recovered from her embarrassment, and thought of nothing but the pleasure of dancing. Montmorency, enchanted with his pretty partner, could not conceal his admiration; he expressed it with so little discretion, that Madame de Seligny, uneasy and discontented, retired at a very early hour from the ball-room to her apartment, ordering her daughter and niece to follow her.

In ascending the great stair-case Julia unconsciously accompanied in a low tone the instruments in the orchestra, and as she went on, hummed

the tunes that still vibrated on her delighted ears; but her innocent mirth was soon checked by her aunt saying, in no very gentle key :—

“ Be silent, Miss d’Aubigny ; these volatile, nay bold manners, do not at all become a person who ought to consecrate herself to God. I shall for ever condemn myself for my weakness in having yielded to your entreaties of accompanying us here ; be assured, however, that you shall return to your convent to-morrow.”

She then pushed the unfortunate girl into the room prepared for her, shut the door, and left her greatly dismayed at her cruel intention.

“ Alas !” cried poor Julia, “ thus vanish my anticipations of the happi-

ness I should derive from this visit; to-morrow she will send me back—to-morrow!" she repeated, and melted into tears. "I shall not assist at the concert, nor shall I partake of the pleasure they will have at the fishing party. No! I shall see nothing of all these; every body will be amused and happy, whilst I—I alone shall be in tears. Happy, fortunate Louisa!" she added peevishly, "what have you done that heaven allows you so many privileges from which I am so cruelly excluded?"

Julia, on entering the room, had thrown herself into an arm chair, in which she continued for some time crying bitterly; soon, however, the confusion of her ideas, and the fatigue

by which she was overcome, weighed down her eye-lids, and she slept soundly.

The sun had already penetrated through the interstices of the venetian blinds suspended to the windows of her chamber when she awoke. A violent head-ache was her first sensation; but she forgot her pain in the contemplation of her sorrows. After deploring her unfortunate destiny she determined on seeing her aunt.

“ I will,” she said, “ entreat her on my knees to revoke the cruel sentence that drives me nearly to desperation.”

No sooner had she conceived this plan than she hastened to execute it. She left her own room, and with great gentleness knocked at the door of

Madame de Seligny's bed-chamber ; it was in a few minutes opened by that lady's waiting woman.

" My God ! miss, what brings you here at such an hour ? " was the first sentence addressed to the unhappy girl.

" Dear Claudine, allow me to go in. I wish to see my aunt. I must speak to her this very moment."

" That is quite impossible, miss," said Claudine, rubbing her eyes ; " recollect, 'tis only seven o'clock, and my lady would make a fine uproar if I was to awake her so early."

" Claudine, she says I must return to my convent this very day," said Julia, with tears in her eyes. " I know she will send me away, and I shall not partake of the delightful entertain-

ments that will be given here in honour of my cousin's marriage."

"My dear young lady," said Claudine, quite softened, "what can you have done to occasion my lady's displeasure? I can tell you she is indeed very angry with you, for last night, whilst undressing, she never ceased scolding Miss Louisa, for saying you ought to remain here. 'No,' said my mistress, 'I have decided—Julia shall go.' 'Well, mamma,' answered Miss Louisa, 'then you have only to send me with her, for I am very weary and low spirited here. The Countess de Montmorency I absolutely hate, and her son infinitely displeases me, by his insupportable vivacity; therefore, if you deprive me of my cousin,

whose society I have been accustomed to from my infancy, I know not what will become of me.' ' You are a fool,' said my lady; she then added something in a whisper to Miss Louisa, and ordered me to leave the room. I will own to you, Miss Julia, that my attachment to you rendered my obedience very unpleasant, and I did all in *my* power, by listening at the door, to hear the remainder of the conversation, but it was impossible; and when my mistress rang the bell for my return, she was alone. Miss Louisa had retired to her own room."

" My dear, dear Claudine, let me speak to Louisa," cried Julia; " perhaps she has obtained of my aunt the object I so ardently desire."

“ It really pains me to refuse you any thing, Miss Julia,” Claudine answered, “ but I cannot obey you, for you must pass through my lady’s chamber to go to that where your cousin sleeps, and I received strict orders yesterday not to enter the room till ten o’clock.”

“ Well,” said Julia impatiently, “ at any rate promise to come and tell me when my aunt is visible.”

“ Be assured I will not fail,” replied Claudine, softly closing the door.

In sadness, Julia returned to her room; she opened her windows to view the enchanting landscape before her. The fresh and balsamic morning air insensibly calmed her agitation, and she resolved to walk in the park until

the hour she could see Madame de Seligny.

Uncertain which way she ought to take, she, by chance, entered a magnificent vista, the most distant trees of which bent their tufted branches to the brink of the Loire. She leaned for some minutes against the gilded balustrade that on one side bounded the park. Here her own painful sensations yielded to admiration of the sublime scene which presented itself. The river, sparkling with sun-beams, irrigated on the opposite shore the roots of many ancient willows, through whose delicate foliage could be perceived to a great distance fertile valleys, hillocks covered with wild flowers, and several magnificent mansions,

the elegant architecture of which formed a striking contrast with the modest cottages, whose thatched roofs were perceptible here and there among luxuriant tufts of shrubs.

Julia could only withdraw her looks from this enchanting prospect, to bring back her attention to the beautiful river, on the serene bosom of which glided several light barges, conveying provisions to the neighbouring towns, whilst the fishermens' boats, motionless on the water, seemed to be the emblem of patience, calculating with fate.

Having for a long time contemplated the various landscapes of this truly picturesque shore, Julia directed her steps towards the interior of the park, and reached a grove of lilacs,

intermingled with Italian poplars, in the centre of which was the Chinese temple she had remarked on the day of her arrival. The door of this little building being open, she ventured in to examine it more accurately. Glasses, skilfully joined to each other, on which were painted trees and flowers from every quarter of the world, covered the walls and ceiling. Seats of perfectly imitated green turf were ranged around ; a carpet of the same material richly enamelled with rural flowers was spread upon the floor. In the middle of this little rotunda was placed a table of white marble, on which Julia perceived a clarinet, and several books of music.

A deep sigh escaped from her bo-

som, when she recollected she must that day leave a place which each hour offered new subjects for her admiration and regret.

Her heart was oppressed with sorrow, and her eyes filled with tears; she threw herself upon one of the green seats, covered her face with her handkerchief, and gave herself up to her grief. She had remained for some minutes totally absorbed in affliction, when a slight noise attracted her attention; she arose in haste, and saw, through her tears, the Count de Montmorency standing near the door, who appeared to be observing her with surprise and interest.

Julia, extremely disconcerted, and still more displeased at being seen in

a situation of mind her natural pride would have made her anxious to conceal from the eyes of a stranger, slightly bowed to the count, and instantly left the rotunda.

“ Pardon me, I entreat you, madam,” said the young man respectfully, “ and be assured no improper curiosity directed my steps to this place, or detained me in it. I came here for a music book, left by me yesterday ; and when I perceived the most lovely being nature ever created ; when I saw her tears, I could not withdraw myself, or subdue the sensation which betrayed me to your observation.”

Julia had proceeded some steps from the Chinese temple, when she stopped, and half turning towards the Count de

Montmorency, again bowed to him, and continued on her way to the Castle. Her heart beat with violence. Shame and vexation had yielded to pride. "What will he conjecture from the situation in which he saw me?" thought she, "he will assuredly guess the truth. He will know they inhumanly send me away *because I am poor!* He will feel for me. I shall excite his *pity*, the pity of every one. Great God! am I not too, too unfortunate."

At this moment she observed from the walk she was crossing several persons coming out of the castle, to enjoy in the park a most beautiful morning; and fearful of having more

witnesses of her agitation, she took a less frequented path, and reached her room, without having met any one on her way.

Louisa was waiting for her. Indolently reclined on an Ottoman, she hardly turned her head on hearing her cousin enter the room. Julia, agreeably surprised at finding her, kissed her with much affection.

“ Oh heavens ! my dear,” said Louisa, yawning, “ I am dying with fatigue ; this vortex into which I am thrown is quite insufferable. I like the calm and uniform life we led in the convent a thousand times better, and was I in your situation, I should be very glad to be sent back to it.”

“ It is then decided,” exclaimed Julia ; “ I must go, and Madame de Seligny is inexorable.”

“ No,” said Louisa, with perfect apathy, “ you are to remain here, and I have prevailed so far that you are never to leave me if it gives you pleasure to be with me. I got up an hour sooner than usual to tell you so.”

“ Cruel Louisa,” said Julia, smiling through her tears, “ why not tell me at once ? Is it then true, really true, that I am not to return to the convent ?”

“ Really true,” replied Louisa.

“ And I shall be permitted to remain always with you ?”

“ Yes,” said Louisa, “ but I do not think,” and she again yawned,

“ I do not think it will be here ; for the husband they intend for me does not please me, and his mother still less than him.”

“ The Count de Montmorency is however very handsome,” replied Julia.

“ That may be,” said Louisa, “ I have not attended much to him. I prefer his friend, the Knight of Malta, whom I believe they call De Courcy, and I am sorry to hear he leaves us to-morrow. That Montmorency is the most hair-brained giddy being in existence ; he almost danced me to death ; and yesterday he overwhelmed me with fifty questions in a breath, without giving me time to answer one of them ; besides, he has an absence of mind that is extremely unpleasant,

for when I, in my turn, addressed myself to him, he replied without looking at me, that you was the loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life."

Here the conversation of the cousins was interrupted by Claudine, who came to tell Julia that Madame de Seligny desired she would immediately attend her in her own apartment.

Julia obeyed; and found her aunt at her toilet. Madame de Seligny, after having dismissed her woman, said to the young orphan, with much severity, "I could not refuse my daughter the favour she asked; but remember, young lady, your stay here, nay indeed your future fate will depend on your own conduct. I am much dissatisfied at the

coquetry you displayed in the ball-room last night : I command you to have no private conversation whatever with the Count de Montmorency, and I expect you most carefully to avoid answering any questions he may put to you. It is by modesty, and extreme reserve, that you ought to distinguish yourself. You seem to forget the enormous distance fortune has placed between you and most of the young persons now here."

" You have said quite enough, madam," said Julia, reddening with vexation. " You need not trouble yourself to make me feel more acutely the wretchedness of my dependant situation. I shall always endeavour to

render myself worthy of those favors I am perfectly aware I owe to your compassion."

"Go, my dear," said Madame de Seligny, a little softened, "go to your room, and mind you take care that Louisa is to-day dressed with more than usual elegance."

Julia retired with a heavy heart. Never had Madame de Seligny spoken to her so unfeelingly ; but the idea of never returning to the convent, for which she felt an invincible repugnance, soon dispersed her gloomy sensations, and she redoubled her zeal and eagerness to please Louisa, to whose influence she attributed the fortunate change in her aunt's intentions.

More than three weeks elapsed in

the midst of every species of pleasure and gratification. Julia, obedient to the orders she had received from her aunt, sedulously avoided De Montmorency, and never walked alone in the park, fearful of meeting him. The young man with difficulty concealed his vexation at her reserved conduct, and each day increased his coldness towards Louisa. Suddenly he became gloomy, thoughtful, and when spoken to, answered only by monosyllables. Even Julia did not seem to interest him. Instead of watching, as he had hitherto done, for occasions to be near her, he allowed many to escape, when they might have conversed without witnesses.

The lovely orphan at first felt sur-

prised at his altered manners. Soon her surprise changed to anger, and anger became sorrow; and she experienced a depression of spirits for which she was unable to account.

Nature had bestowed on Frederic de Montmorency a good and interesting face, but the deep melancholy into which he appeared to be plunged gave an expression to his countenance, that, in Julia's opinion, rendered him really handsome. She sometimes ventured to steal a look at him, but blushed if their eyes met. She now became, in her turn, grave, and full of thought—dissatisfied with herself and every one about her.

Her imagination, which had hitherto painted the world and its pleasures in

the most alluring and vivid colours, now presented to her nothing but the perspective of miseries consequent on dependance; the imperious and unkind conduct of Madame de Seligny and the severe injunction she had received, never to have any conversation whatever with De Montmorency, incessantly recurred to her recollection. Ah! thought Julia, my cruel aunt is not content to crush me with humiliations, but she wishes me to become odious to every one inclined to feel interested for me, and the conduct she has forced me to assume has but too well succeeded in rendering me hateful to every body here.

Julia was incorrect in her judgment, if she thought herself odious to all the

inhabitants of the castle, as will shortly be seen ; but of all the powerful sensations of the youthful heart, that of self-love is the strongest and most decisive. It substantiates the shades that nature has assigned to every character ; and either decomposes or regenerates the germs of our virtues.

Julia was high-minded, had sense and penetration, possessed some courage, a little reason, and much argument ; but her susceptibility was extreme ; and the harshness and degradations with which, from her infancy, Madame de Seligny had oppressed her, gave to her character an appearance of perverseness not natural to it. Her self-love was constantly receiving the most cruel wounds ; therefore, any at-

tention or kindness shewn to her excited first her surprise, then her sincere gratitude. She had been highly flattered by the admiration of the young Count de Montmorency, and the expressions of ardent affection he used, whenever he addressed her. They were a homage to her charms, a triumph till then unknown to her; and the change she observed in his manners during the last few days had grieved her beyond description.

De Montmorency, always anxious to please her, and flying to execute her slightest wish, might never have found the way to her heart; but De Montmorency became cold, reserved, insensible to the delight of her presence; excited all her interest. She thought

his present conduct towards her was occasioned by her having tried to avoid him ; and really afflicted at appearing to him so very ungrateful, she could with difficulty restrain the bitter reproaches with which she would, had she dared, have loaded Madame de Seligny.

Her mind being thus occupied by De Montmorency, her imagination each day presented some (till then unseen) perfection in the young man, and predisposed her heart to admit a sentiment, which, it was decreed, was to decide her fate for ever. She had become insensible to the homage others paid to her attractions, and even disdained to observe the marked predilection of one of the Countess de Montmorency's relations, then an inmate of the family,

whose estate was in the vicinity of the Chateau de St. Louis.

M. de Rosinval, a Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, was about thirty-six years old, had an income of fifty thousand livres a year, possessed a fine house superbly furnished in Paris, besides his family seat in Touraine, and had also a great deal of ready money ; but it was impossible for any human being to have a more disagreeable, nay, disgusting face ; and his character exactly matched the repulsive exterior with which nature had afflicted him. Malicious, treacherous, and revengeful, yet submissive and cringing, when it suited his purpose, no means, however depraved, were considered unfair by him, if his object was to succeed in any favourite pursuit,

for feeling, honesty, and honour if they ever did exist, were now extinct in his cold calculating bosom.

With so few requisites to please, M. de Rosinval paid an assiduous court to all the pretty faces that presented themselves to his observation ; but not one of them had as yet made so deep an impression on his heart as our heroine.

He followed her every where, was always near her, stood behind her chair when she worked, flew to get her hat and gloves if she was inclined to walk, paid her the most fulsome, insipid, and silly compliments on her personal beauty, &c. and was never in the least discouraged by the freezing reception she gave to his troublesome officiousness.

One day, Julia, more than usually wearied by the attentions with which he incessantly annoyed her, had retired to her own room to avoid his disgusting conversation, where she was surprised by the unexpected entrance of Madame de Seligny. Alarmed at a visit with which she had never until now been honoured, Julia turned pale, and trembled, fully expecting she was fated patiently to endure some new mortification. Venturing, however, to look at her aunt, she was in a moment relieved from her apprehensions. Never had her countenance appeared so smiling; nay, it almost expressed a sentiment of kindness.

“ I come, my dear Julia,” said Madame de Seligny, “ to congratulate you on a piece of good fortune I very

little indeed expected for you. A man of consequence, rich, of good morals and manners, allied to the first families in France, indeed, altogether unexceptionable, solicits your hand : I have accepted his proposal with gratitude, therefore prepare to meet him at the altar. We have determined that your marriage, and the union of the Count de Montmorency and your cousin, shall be celebrated on the same day. You have a month in which to form a more intimate acquaintance with your future husband."

During this conversation Julia's colour had frequently varied ; at length she said in a tremulous voice, " May I venture, madam, to ask the name of the person who has so highly honoured me ? "

“ Nothing can be more natural or reasonable, my dear child,” replied Madame de Seligny. “ It is M. de Rosinval.”

“ M. de Rosinval !” cried Julia with horror. “ Great God ! is it possible !”

“ Yes, himself,” said Madame de Seligny. “ I can readily imagine your surprise, for certainly you never could have flattered yourself with having such a husband : to be sure he is not handsome ; but you are so poor, your situation so precarious, that I cannot conceive why he has condescended to think of you.”

“ M. de Rosinval !” repeated Julia, and dissolved into tears.

“ What signifies this childishness ?” said Madame de Seligny, reddening

with passion. It certainly well becomes *you*, indeed, to be difficult, because the man for whom I intend you has not an agreeable exterior. Do you forget, young lady, what you are and what you would be but for my kindness? However, I tell you that you must either promise to marry M. de Rosinval in one month, or you depart this very moment for your convent."

"Oh ! madam," cried Julia, kneeling at her aunt's feet, "in pity do not thus distress me : deign to recollect I am the only child of your sister : for the sake of her memory, which must be dear to you, do not drive me to desperation : grant me a little time, and do not so peremptorily decide my fate."

Julia looked at this moment so lovely, her tears gave to her countenance an expression so affecting, that Madame de Seligny could not repress a slight emotion of interest for the poor orphan.

“ Rise, my dear niece,” she said, turning away her head lest she should be softened. “ Rise, and do not thus afflict yourself. If I was obliged to place before you the picture of your melancholy position, be assured my only motive was anxiety for your welfare. The marriage I propose is in every way desirable; but it rests with yourself to decide between that and a convent. I will give you a week, during which you will make your final election; but I wish you fully to un-

derstand," she added, resuming her austerity of manner, "that after the eight days are expired, I shall not listen to any objections, therefore reflect well—the veil or M. de Rosinval."

And finishing these words, she left the room, without condescending to answer her niece, who was entreating to be heard for one moment.

"Ah!" exclaimed Julia, weeping bitterly, "my choice is made; much rather would I die than marry that disgusting M. de Rosinval. Alas! I must become a nun, and for ever quit the world and its...."

She was about to add pleasures, but De Montmorency only presented himself to her imagination; and her tears increased.

Whilst she was still under the influ-

ence of extreme sorrow, the dinner bell obliged her to enter the room; in which the company was already assembled. M. de Rosinval met her as usual at the door, but instead of accepting his offered hand, she drew back with a sensation of horror, and trembling with agitation, placed herself on a chair next to De Montmorency.

Some minutes elapsed before she dared to raise her eyes; indeed she was so entirely absorbed in her own reflections, that she did not attend to a word of the conversation of those about her. A deep-drawn sigh struck her ear; she turned her head and started, on seeing Montmorency attentively observing her. A crimson blush coloured her cheek, when the count addressing her in a low voice, said :—

“Is it true that you are to marry M. de Rosinval?”

Julia raised her eyes, and perceived in his an expression of so much feeling, affection, and melancholy, that her tears would have again begun to flow, had she not made a great effort to controul an emotion which Madame de Seligny would never have forgiven. She stifled her sighs, and replied, turning away her head : “It is my aunt’s will, she allows me no choice but this marriage or the veil.”

De Montmorency made no reply but instantly left the room. He did not appear at the dinner table, and the servant who had orders to announce its being served, returned, say-

ing the count was not in his apartment, and he believed he was gone out.

Madame de Seligny seemed much out of humour. The Countess de Montmorency increased her attention and politeness towards her, and was more than usually kind to Louisa, who was always seated at the table between her son and herself.

She frequently, however, cast upon Julia looks in which were depicted vexation and anger, and she several times spoke to her with acrimony and unkindness.

The interesting orphan would have given the world to escape from the scrutinizing observation of her aunt and the countess; but still more from the

officious attentions of M. de Rosinval, whose affection of triumph and delight was to her insufferable.

She took advantage of the earliest possible moment to fly to her room, where she gave herself up to her reflections, without obtaining courage to determine how she ought to act in her present difficult position; but, notwithstanding the real causes she had for affliction, she experienced a calm, an involuntary sensation of pleasure, the source of which she was not long in ascertaining: the recollection of the count's looks, the lively interest he appeared to take about her, made her heart palpitate, and tended much to lighten the burthen with which it was oppressed.

She remembered the tone of his voice, the emotion of his manner when he spoke to her, and tried to account for his sudden departure from the dinner table. Very soon her mind was occupied by him only, and M. de Rosinval, Madame de Seligny, and the convent were altogether forgotten.

She remained in this state for nearly an hour, her thoughts dwelling on every expression uttered by De Montmorency; when the chain of her ideas was broken by Louisa, who entered the room with a precipitation very unusual to her.

“ Ah, Julia,” said she, “ my mother has been in such a terrible passion with me, and as I could not recover myself, after hearing her long sermon, which

has nearly tired me to death, I have flown from her, to seek a little peace with you."

"What is the matter, my dear Louisa?" said Julia, taking her cousin's hand affectionately. "You cannot doubt my friendship, and the interest I shall ever take in whatever concerns you."

"For God's sake!" replied Louisa, throwing herself on a sofa, "allow me a moment to breathe; I am fatigued, annihilated; the end will be an illness, perhaps my death; and then that De Montmorency," she added with absence of mind, "that De Montmorency——don't you think my mother is very hasty and passionate?"

"Yes," answered Julia, "but what

was you saying about the Count de Montmorency ?”

“ Oh ! for heaven’s sake,” exclaimed Louisa, “ don’t let us speak of him ; for nearly one whole hour have I been persecuted on this hateful subject, and I did not come here to continue the tiresome conversation.”

“ I only ask you for one word,” replied Julia, blushing ; “ was he with you when you was thus tormented ?”

“ No,” said Louisa, “ he has not returned since he vanished from the dining-room, and that is exactly the reason why my mother scolded me so unmercifully : she asserts that I am too cold in my manner towards him, and says I ought to be more affectionate and lively ; and she gave me

I don't know how many reasons why my conduct disgusts him ; but she may talk—her favourite Montmorency will never please me, and I do verily believe I should be completely wretched if they force me to marry him."

"Dearest Louisa," cried Julia, throwing herself into her cousin's arms, and kissing her with affection ; "dearest Louisa, but what will you do if my aunt should absolutely insist on this marriage?"

"What will I do ? I will tell her—I will represent to her—but in mercy say no more about it ; for I am really overcome, and have besides a distracting head-ache."

Julia encreased her attentions towards her cousin ; never before had

she expressed herself so tenderly, so affectionately; for during the remainder of the day she called her constantly her *dearest Louisa*, her best friend; made her lean on her arm when they walked in the park, and never quitted her for a moment.

The count remained absent all the evening; the next day, and the one following elapsed, and still he did not appear: at length, on the morning of the third, a carriage drove into the courtyard of the castle, and immediately afterwards the Count de Montmorency entered his mother's dressing room, accompanied by a most elegant man, of fifty, whose form was at once majestic, striking, and noble.

The Countess de Montmorency was

at her toilet ; she dismissed her attendants, cast a most angry glance towards her son, and respectfully curtsied to his companion, without uttering a single word.

“ Faith, madam,” said the latter, bluntly, and without returning the countess’s salutation, “ you must be a good deal surprised at seeing me here, for I had sworn never to enter your doors, but my nephew begged me so earnestly to come, that I could not resist his entreaties ; besides he tells me a marriage for him is in contemplation, and I confess, I think it a little strange the Baron de Montmorency, his father’s brother, should not have been consulted, as a preliminary measure. I have not the slightest wish to meddle in your

affairs, you may manage them as you please ; that is your own concern ; but by the living God, no one shall dispose of my nephew without his own consent, or if they do, he shall never see one farthing of my property."

And ending these words, the Baron walked up and down the room with hasty strides, not deigning to attend to some insignificant expressions addressed to him by his sister-in-law, as her apology for the conduct he complained of.

Mademoiselle de Senneville, at the age of twenty, married the Baron de Montmorency's eldest brother. This union terminated an unfortunate law suit, which for many years had divided the families of the husband and

wife; both of them with equal fury contended for the inheritance, to which each had nearly an equal claim; and neither would yield a tittle of their pretension. At length the court of justice having recommended an arrangement between themselves, as the most equitable termination to this long procrastinated litigation, they decided after much cavilling to arrange a marriage between the heiress of one house, and the eldest of the De Montmorency's family. This union, formed on the basis of pecuniary convenience, was far from producing that happiness which may be expected to result from a connection founded on mutual esteem, attachment, and above all, a conformity of taste and character.

The countess, selfish, vain, and peevish, made her husband wretched : his sensibility and extreme mildness formed an exact contrast to the cold indifference, and overbearing disposition of his companion. He died five years after this ill-assorted marriage, and left the countess two children, a son then four years old, and a daughter who did not long survive her father.

Madame de Montmorency, a widow, and absolutely her own mistress, no longer controuled the bad propensities she inherited from nature. She alienated the hearts of all her husband's relations by her haughty character, and imperious manners: The baron was the only one of them with whom she remained on terms.

Married, but childless, and separated from his wife, who resided in a convent at Blois, the baron possessed a very affluent fortune, which was entirely at his own disposal.— This the countess most anxiously wished to descend to her son, and consequently she was more cautious not to display her bad disposition to the baron than to other of her connections ; but when she found him enthusiastically attached to his nephew, and no longer feared his chusing any other heir, she ceased to constrain her conduct, and shewed herself to him such as she really was. The baron, whose bluntness of manner almost amounted to rudeness, frequently expressed, in no very gentle terms, his opinion of his sister-in-law,

and at last held her in such aversion, that he swore never again to put his foot in her house.

He had kept his word for ten years, and would probably have maintained his resolution during his life, had not his nephew prevailed on him to relax from his determination. His firmness, or rather his obstinacy, could not stand against the entreaties of Frederick de Montmorency : he resisted, however, two entire days ; but on the third, grumbling, scolding, and swearing, he got into his carriage, and arrived at his sister-in-law's, perfectly disposed to remain in the same humour during the period of his forced visit at the castle.

Young De Montmorency had re-

sorted to this step, so unpleasant to his mother, only at the last extremity. Persecuted by her, to consent to an union with Louisa de Seligny, he had, though in vain, successively employed every possible argument to dissuade her from supposing the intended marriage would constitute his felicity.

“Of what importance are Miss de Seligny’s riches?” said he one day to the countess, “I should a thousand times prefer a wife, destitute of fortune, whose beauty, sense, good humour, and feeling heart, would make me experience in the bosom of my family those blessings which alone are worthy of being envied. Do you think, my dear mother, this animated automaton, whom you intend for my wife, will

ever realise the delightful idea I have formed of an union founded on love and reciprocal esteem?"

"A truce, I entreat you, Frederick, to all this romantic bombast," said the countess, with ill humour. "I have given my word, you therefore will marry Miss de Seligny. Nothing can induce me to change my resolution. You ought, sir, to have made me acquainted with these ridiculous and sentimental scruples before I pledged myself to those people. You, until very lately, appeared well disposed to obey me. Indeed, it was with your own consent I took the necessary steps in this negociation. Do you flatter yourself I shall now be weak enough to pay any attention to these high-flown

notions you mistake for sentiment? No indeed, and I again desire you to understand that this marriage will either take place, or you must forget you have a mother; and only consider me as an injured and highly irritated individual, who will find means to make you repent of a fancy equally ill placed and absurd."

"I am perfectly aware, madam," replied her son calmly, "that you have the power to disinherit me, but be assured the fear of afflicting and displeasing you would weigh much more with me than the loss of fortune, and I should most readily sacrifice to your wishes any thing but the happiness of my life. I must now be allowed to assert, most unequivocally,

that I never will be the husband of Miss de Seligny."

"I see very plainly," exclaimed the countess, almost suffocated with passion, "what has induced you to forget the respect and duty you owe your mother. That creature Madame de Seligny brought here with her has turned your brain. But tremble for her—this very day I will have her driven from this house, and conducted to a place where she may, at her leisure, repent of having caused so much trouble and confusion in my family."

"I know not, madam," replied De Montmorency, with a sensation he found it difficult to command, "I know not on whom you bestow the epithet of *creature*, but if 'tis Julia

D'Aubigny to whom you allude, a girl both respectable and interesting, from her birth and misfortunes, I declare on my honour, she, in no way whatever, influences my resolution; and had she not accompanied her cousin here, I should not have been less determined never to accept of Louisa de Seligny as a wife."

The countess, irritated to the utmost degree, commanded her son instantly to leave her. He obeyed the more willingly from the fear that he might betray to his mother the sorrow and alarm she occasioned him, by her threats against the innocent orphan. He did not doubt her capability of realising them, and he knew she had an able auxiliary in Madame de Se-

ligny, whose harsh and unkind conduct towards her niece had not escaped his observation.

Trembling, lest he should draw down on Julia certain misery, he thought it better to enclose in his heart the sentiment with which she had inspired him ; and it was at this period he affected towards her that distance and coldness already mentioned, and which produced an effect on Julia very different from the one he had reason to fear. His mind, constantly occupied by her, incessantly obliged to keep a strict guard over himself, lest his affection, which every day encreased, should become apparent, Frederick de Montmorency's sensations were unbearable. He had received from na-

ture one of those dispositions which revolt at, and become irritated by obstacles. Careless when events accorded with his whims, soon disgusted with whatever he easily obtained, he was indefatigable in the pursuit of any object likely to escape him. Julia, from the first moment of their meeting, had pleased him—indeed she was the only female for whom he had felt seriously interested : but from the moment he began to fear she would never be his, he felt for her the most violent and enthusiastic attachment, and thought of nothing but the means by which he could become the husband of this adorable girl ; and no sacrifice he considered too great to obtain a blessing, the mere idea of which

filled his imagination with inexpressible delight.

It will easily be perceived, that with these sentiments poor Louisa de Seligny must have become truly hateful to him, and his veracity will be obvious, in declaring to his mother that he never would become her husband. He was equally <sup>truth</sup> ~~thought~~ful when he added, that his resolution would have been the same had he never seen Julia.

De Montmorency, after well reflecting on his situation, and still finding the countess inflexible, determined to have recourse to his uncle's influence, to prevent a marriage to which he had an unconquerable antipathy. He knew how affectionately the baron regarded

him, and was well aware of his hatred to the countess, and of the ardour with which he would seize any opportunity of opposing her : he therefore formed his plan, which he intended to execute in a few days, when the report of the intended marriage of Julia and De Rosinval alarmed him, and accelerated his proceedings.

The baron received his nephew with so much kindness, appeared so greatly affected and delighted by his visit, that the latter entertained the most sanguine hopes for the success of his wishes : but when he related his mother's intentions, and mentioned the persecutions he had endured, the baron was so greatly enraged at the mystery she had made of the projected marriage, that

Montmorency tried in vain to calm the terrible explosion.

“How !” cried the baron, “marry my nephew without telling me a word of it, was there ever known such impertinence. No ! by the great God, this shall not be passed over. No, no !” added he, stamping his foot, she shall see if I am to be offended with impunity. Ah ! my lady, I will teach you to — I have means you little dream of to revenge myself of you, in a precious manner. I will employ them too ; nothing shall prevent me—rest assured of it. Yes, yes, be quite sure —”

“My dear uncle,” said De Montmorency, interrupting him, “I beseech you to be calm ; I am quite

convinced my mother would not have failed to write to you, had I given my consent to this union. It is to entreat you to interfere with her, and dissuade her from it, that I come to you. In pity, see her, speak to her."

"Speak to the devil," said the baron, "let me alone—what me? I see that woman? Zounds, sir, I am your most obedient and very humble servant. Go, and find where you can the mediator you want, but to a certainty it will not be me."

De Montmorency had recourse to all the power he usually had over the mind of his uncle to induce him to hear reason; but he could extract from him no answer but imprecations and threats. That entire day, and the

next, were thus fruitlessly spent. The young count, seriously afflicted, knew not what further means he could employ; after exhausting every expedient, in a moment of anger he said, "Well, sir, I will no longer urge you. I am going—you may enjoy by anticipation, my mother's triumph, when she learns the success of my visit. You and her are without doubt of the same opinion, as you will not take one step to extricate me from the misery of marrying a woman I detest."

"What do you say, sir?" said the baron, nearly choaking with passion—"a fine pack of nonsense you are telling me. Have I not for two days been drumming in your ears that I would make that woman repent her imperti-

nence, and you wish now to persuade me we are of the same opinion. Now, nephew, tell me as quickly as you can, if it is your intention to make me lose my patience?"

Frederick de Montmorency, who knew his uncle, did not think it right to make the least answer. He rang the bell, ordered his horses, and seemed busily employed in preparing for his departure, whilst the baron, walking up and down in great agitation, muttered to himself, "Me of the same opinion with her! I think as she does! He believes it—yes, that fellow believes it, on purpose to madden me. I of her opinion!"

"Sir," said De Montmorency, respectfully approaching to take leave, "I

pray you to pardon the step I have dared to take; the kindness I have ever experienced from you has alone authorised it; but I see with infinite pain that I have in the present instance calculated too highly on your affection; and I take with me the afflicting idea of not having found in him whom I love and reverence as the best of fathers the indulgence and assistance of a friend."

"Vastly well. Now he is going," cried the baron, running after his nephew; "Montmorency! Frederick! come back. What in the devil's name has stuffed it into your head that I am changed towards you? Don't you do with me just what you please? Have I ever refused you any thing? Say,

dare you to say one word to the contrary?"

"Until this moment," replied De Montmorency, "you have been the best, the most affectionate of friends: but dearest uncle," he added, with increased dejection, "you abandon me under circumstances where your friendship and protection are more necessary to me than ever, and that it is which inexpressibly afflicts me."

"Don't afflict yourself, my boy," said the baron with emotion, "don't afflict yourself: let us hear what it is you want me to do; I will readily undertake any thing so that you do not require me to go to your mother's. I will take any measure you direct. Now I hope you are contented."

“ I thank you, dear uncle,” replied De Montmorency, “ for your expressions of kindness, but all will be useless ; for as you decline seeing my mother, I know no way of avoiding the misfortune I dread.”

“ Zounds, sir, did I not tell you I would not go ?” cried the passionate baron ; “ I repeat positively I will not go.”

De Montmorency urged his request. The baron became more enraged, swore, stamped, and ended by ordering his carriage, when he saw his nephew was a second time approaching him to take leave.”

“ That woman and me of the same opinion !” he still repeated on getting into the carriage. “ You will see,

nephew, you will soon see if we are of the same opinion."

As the young count most ardently wished it, he allowed his uncle to convince him that nothing on earth could make him think the countess right; and in this disposition they arrived at the castle — the one scolding and threatening, the other politely listening to the detail of the several means they were to use in order to prevent the intended marriage.

When they entered the countess's apartment, she appeared, as we have already said, more displeased than surprised at this visit. Her son's conduct during the last few days, and his sudden departure, had made her readily guess he was gone to interest

his uncle in his favour. Determined not to vary from her plan, she quietly awaited the result of a proceeding which did not occasion her the slightest uneasiness; but as she cordially detested her brother-in-law, she could not again see him without experiencing a sensation of ill humour she could with difficulty conceal.

“Well, madam,” said the baron, “will you at last condescend to enumerate all the brilliant advantages that will result to my nephew from this intended marriage?”

“I am not accountable to any person, sir,” coldly replied the countess, “and when any one dares to interrogate me thus imperiously, contempt is my usual answer.”

“Very well,” answered the baron, trembling with passion; “very well, madam: you drive me to extremes—’tis what I fully expected; but know, madam, it is in my power to ruin you, to destroy you past recovery, and——”

“Leave the room, Frederick,” said the coutess, turning pale; “it is unnecessary you should be a witness to the impropriety with which your mother is treated; besides I wish to converse with the baron alone.”

Her son obeyed, and retired to his own room, where he awaited with an anxiety no words can describe the result of a conversation on which in all probability depended the happiness of his life.

Julia was not less agitated. She had seen De Montmorency arrive, accompanied by a gentleman, whose person she was totally a stranger to. She knew they were both closeted with the countess, and would have given the world to learn the subject of their conference. At length, not being able to subdue her unpleasant sensations, she determined to walk in the park. Certain of not meeting the count, she penetrated into the thickest part of the wood, to avoid the heat of the sun, which was intense, and to reflect without interruption on her sorrows.

She had slowly and pensively sauntered for nearly an hour in one of the most retired walks, when suddenly she perceived De Montmorency in a

path that crossed the Vista she was about to enter.

On seeing him her first sensation was terror. She recollected Madame de Seligny's prohibition, and hastily retraced her steps.

“Stop,” said De Montmorency, hastening after her ; “in mercy do not fly me; allow me to enjoy the only moment my cruel destiny has as yet permitted me.”

Julia, confused, perplexed, not knowing how to act, involuntarily slackened her pace, turned her head, cast a timid glance on the count, and perceived in his looks an expression of so much anxiety and affection, that she cast down her eyes and stopped; but the fear of being accused (and with

reason) of disobedience to her aunt's orders, soon restored her courage, and she continued to walk onwards as fast as the excess of her perturbation would allow.

“No! you shall not thus leave me!” cried de Montmorency, who had joined her. “No!” he repeated, seizing one of her hands, which he conveyed with rapture to his lips; “lovely Julia! you who are the only object of my best affections, the possessor of my heart, you will not refuse to listen for one moment to him who is for ever devoted to you.”

“Leave me, sir,” said Julia, assuming a severity of manner very foreign from her sensations; “do not render it necessary for me to express the in-

dignation I feel at the language I have just heard. You doubtlessly have forgotten the sacred tie by which your family and mine will soon be united."

"In mercy do not name that hateful tie," said the count; "never, never will I consent to become the husband of Louisa de Seligny. I swear it at her feet to whom only I will be united!" and with these words he threw himself on his knees, notwithstanding the efforts of Julia to prevent him.

"Oh, sir! do not remain here I implore you," she repeated greatly affected; "I should be irretrievably lost if we were to be seen together."

She endeavoured to leave him, but the count took hold of her gown and detained her, saying:—

“ Julia ! my beloved Julia ! stop only for one instant—say you do not hate me ; tell me you would unreluctantly become my wife—the adored partner of my existence ! You do not yet know....you are not aware that my uncle—— Ah ! let me read my destiny in those dear eyes—do not turn away from me, Julia.”

“ You will soon marry my cousin,” replied Julia, in a voice scarcely audible, “ and I shall be wretched.”

“ Great God ! I thank thee,” exclaimed De Montmorency, almost frantic with emotion ; “ Julia will be wretched—wretched at seeing me the husband of her cousin. That confession is enough, Julia—all I wish for.”

The lovely girl tried in vain to give a different meaning to the words that had just escaped her. Montmorency, delirious with joy, heard nothing, and gave himself up to the most noisy transports. Julia, much affected and softened by the ardent expressions of her lover's attachment, consented to remain with him a little longer, and very soon gave him a candid description of the state of her heart. She also informed him of Louisa's repugnance to the marriage arranged between the two families. This last explanation encreased the extravagant joy of the now almost wild De Montmorency.

“ Divine, heavenly Louisa !” he repeatedly exclaimed. “ My Julia, we

shall be happy. Yes, Julia will be mine!"

After a conversation of two hours, which passed away with the rapidity of lightning, they left the green bank on which they had been seated, and were about to proceed towards the castle, when their attention was attracted by a rustling noise in a little shrubbery close behind them. Julia turned pale, and motioned to the count to leave her. The alarm she experienced almost deprived her of the power to move. She, however, advanced two or three steps, then stopped to recover her respiration, and again attentively listened. She ventured to look behind her, Montmorency was out of sight, and she could perceive nothing to

cause her the slightest uneasiness. Her confidence having in some measure returned after this examination, she continued on her way to the mansion, endeavouring to persuade herself the noise she had heard was occasioned by some wild animal, who had from its isolated situation elected on that spot as its place of retreat; but scarcely had she reasoned herself into security, when she was once more thrown into the same state of alarm, by hearing a similar noise close to her. She started, turned her head quickly round, and perceived M. de Rosinval, who was creeping along the path which run parallel with, and was by a hedge divided from the road she was taking. He seemed gloomy, full of thought,

and did not appear to remark Julia, who, pale and trembling, was leaning against a tree, following with her eyes the hurried steps of him whom she doubted not had been listening to her conversation with De Montmorency.

“ Oh ! I am for ever undone ! ” thought poor Julia ; “ this odious man will certainly communicate to my aunt all he has heard . ”

Overcome by the crowd of painful feelings this idea gave birth to, she remained motionless on the spot where she had stopped. Having in vain resorted to her mind for expedients by which she could avert the impending evil, she at length resigned herself to her fate, and in desperation proceeded towards the castle, which she

reached at the same moment with M. de Rosinval.

This gentleman did not now appear in that austere and gloomy humour she thought she had observed on his countenance whilst crossing the park, but with his usual eagerness to pay her every attention, presented his hand to conduct her to the drawing-room. Julia, surprised and disconcerted, blushing accepted it, and allowed him to lead her to a sofa, on which she seated herself, almost stupified by the events of the morning. Madame de Seligny was netting at the window, who, perfectly satisfied at Julia and M. de Rosinval entering the house together, attributed her niece's blushes and confusion to the modesty and dif-

fidence natural to a young female when she for the first time hears the man intended for her husband express his sentiments of regard and affection. She with much kindness asked her niece if she had taken a pleasant walk.

Julia, still more disconcerted by this question, reddened excessively; and looked on the ground, without daring to say a word.

“Do not interrogate Miss Daubigny, madam,” said M. de Rosinval; “permit me to reply instead of her; and assure you that she is not dissatisfied with the conversation she has just had with a man who——”

“Sir,” said Julia, interrupting him in terror, “I venture to believe you will not be so very indiscreet as to say—to own—that——”

The words expired on her lips, and she almost fainted.

“ Well, well,” said Madame de Seligny, “ do not be alarmed, my dear ; I will not try to dive into your secrets. If you have chosen M. de Rosinval for a confidant, and he is satisfied, that is quite enough for me.”

“ Oh, very much satisfied indeed,” replied M. de Rosinval, ironically ; “ yet if the charming Julia will condescend to grant me a few moments more of her conversation, probably she also may be satisfied with what I have still to say to her : on these terms she may confidently rely on my discretion.”

Julia fixed a look on M. de Rosinval's face, which at once expressed

astonishment, fear, hope, and above all, curiosity.

“ I hope you will not mind me,” said Madame de Seligny ; “ you can both converse as freely as if I was not here, for I give you my word I will not even try to hear your discourse.”

M. de Rosinval seated himself close to Julia : he had, against her will, placed one of her hands between both of his, and had begun some words in a low voice, when the door opened, and the Countess de Montmorency, accompanied by her son and her brother-in-law, entered the room.

The young count seemed surprised and vexed at seeing M. de Rosinval familiarly sitting so near to Julia ; and his displeasure increased on noticing the

attention with which she appeared to listen to him. One glance had sufficed for this observation, as Julia, on the countess's entrance, had instantly risen to pay her the compliments of the day, whilst she acknowledged by a graceful courtesy the profound salutation of the baron.

“ This, without doubt, is my future niece?” said the baron, looking at Julia with admiration.

“ No, sir,” replied Madame de Seligny, drily, to whom the countess had just presented her brother-in-law ; “ my daughter is not here at this moment. The young person you see is an orphan without fortune, whose position would have been truly wretched and destitute but for my kindness.”

“Faith, madam,” said the baron, bluntly; “nature has most amply indemnified her against the unkindness of fortune; for I defy any thing to be more lovely.”

Madame de Seligny bit her lips, cast a look on Julia replete with anger and every bad passion, and reseated herself, without answering the countess’s inquiries as to the absence of Louisa, who, at the moment her name was a second time mentioned, entered the room, and carelessly approached her mother, after making a very awkward courtesy to the baron, who bowed to her in silence.

The Count de Montmorency, in a fit of abstraction, was standing inanimate as a statue behind the countess’s chair; but on seeing Louisa, he

advanced, and offered her a seat: he then placed himself opposite to Julia, whom he affected, however, not to look at, but seemed attentively examining the baron and his mother; trying to read in their countenances the result of their private conversation.

This scrutiny was fruitless, as far as regarded the countess, on whose face he could not perceive the slightest alteration; but the baron appeared greatly agitated, and De Montmorency would have given the world to obtain a private conference of only five minutes with him.

After an insipid conversation, in which the baron took no part, but remained sullenly silent; they adjourned to the dining-room. Montmorency,

whilst offering his hand to Madame de Seligny, overheard M. de Rosinval say to Julia in a very low voice :—

“ Recollect what you have promised me—precisely at five o’clock, in the Chinese Temple, I shall expect you.”

“ Yes,” replied Julia, “ you may rely on my punctuality.”

Frederick de Montmorency started, changed colour, and so entirely forgot himself, that instead of giving his hand to Madame de Seligny, he presented it to the baron, who instantly took it, drew it under his arm, and dragged his nephew out of the room, saying :—

“ But, my good fellow, you did not tell me that this young woman they intend for you will have four millions : you never named the eighty thousand

livres a year. The devil! four millions! I can tell you that is something, and deserves mature consideration."

"Perfidious creature!" said Montmorency, muttering to himself—"perfidious, treacherous woman! she has basely sported with me: precisely at five o'clock she will meet him in the Chinese Temple."

"What the devil are you saying about the Chinese Temple?" cried the baron, "Nephew! Montmorency! Frederick! are you mad?"

"We shall see," said the count, "we shall see; but certainly I will not be her dupe."

"I don't wish you to be her dupe," replied the baron; "but I say the matter is worthy of reflection."

The rest of the company coming in interrupted this strange conversation. After dinner the baron made many attempts to draw his nephew into familiar discourse, but not one rational word could he extract from him ; and the displeasure he felt at his nephew's unaccountable manner greatly increased, when on hearing five o'clock strike, the latter abruptly left him, whilst in the midst of a speech, intended to convince the young man that although he was far from being of the same opinion with the countess, he nevertheless thought a girl with four million of money ought not to be rejected with levity.

“ I wish the devil had you,” said the baron, running after De Montmo-

rency. "Zounds, sir, you made me come here against my will; and this is the way I am served when I speak reason."

The count was already too far distant to hear a word said by his uncle. Enraged and jealous, he could not command himself. He flew with the rapidity of a dove, and did not stop to take breath until he reached the Chinese Temple: he then placed himself in the midst of a tuft of evergreens, that shaded one of the windows of the little building, and from whence he could unobserved hear all that was said in its interior. He, thus concealed, listened attentively for more than five minutes; a perfect silence reigned around him; he ventured to look

through the branches into the temple, but saw no one, and was just leaving his retreat, when a slight agitation of the leaves a few paces from where he stood ascertained the approach of those he expected. Julia was walking slowly, leaning on De Rosinval's arm. She seemed extremely attentive to what he was saying; but their discourse was carried on in so very low a tone, that he could not distinguish a word of it. When they had both crossed the path that surrounded the shrubbery, in which he had concealed himself, the latter once more divided the branches to observe their footsteps, and had very nearly betrayed himself, when he saw Rosinval kneeling to Julia, and kissing her hands with apparent devotion.

A convulsive shivering seized De Montmorency at the sight ; he anathematized all women, and cursed himself for having for one instant been the dupe to that artless and ingenuous manner which so peculiarly distinguished Julia. He mentally bestowed on her all the epithets his indignation and jealousy could suggest, and quitted his retreat with the same caution he had entered it. He reached the castle firmly persuaded that contempt and indifference had superseded in his mind the admiration and delight with which he had hitherto regarded Julia. Yet, notwithstanding this conviction, instead of returning to the drawing-room, he shut himself up in his own apartment, and resigned himself des-

pairingly to his bitter disappointment, a thousand times repeating that he no longer loved Julia.

Having thus succeeded, as he thought, in ascertaining the nature of his sentiments, he went down stairs, fully determined to humiliate and mortify the being to whom he had on that same morning professed the most ardent and unalterable affection.

Julia was seated between the baron and M. de Rosival: the deepened colour on her cheeks gave to her eyes a more than usual brilliancy; her beautiful brown hair, partially escaped from the light blue net that gracefully confined it, waved in light curls on her forehead and shoulders.

She had taken off the chip hat she

generally wore when walking, and seemingly absorbed in her own reflections, was employed in arranging its bending plumes the wind had discomposed. Never had she appeared to De Montmorency so lovely. He was struck by the expression of unhappiness evident on her countenance; he felt affected, and his sentiments of regard were rapidly returning, when unfortunately for Julia, she smiled at some words addressed to her by M. de Rosinval. The count instantly recollected the assignation in the park; the idea renewed his disgust, and during the remainder of the evening he devoted himself entirely to Louisa.

Madame de Seligny and the countess, agreeably surprised at this change of

conduct, were perfectly good humour-ed, whilst Julia, on the contrary, who remarked with pain and astonishment the count's frigid and unkind behaviour towards herself, with difficulty refrained from tears. She several times in the course of the evening endeavoured to get near him, as if anxious to communicate something of moment; but De Montmorency affected to avoid her with so much unkindness, that she relinquished the hope of speaking to him, and could scarcely conceal her vexation at his extraordinary change of manners.

The baron was sullen and silent, yet his countenance brightened each time he looked at Julia; he benevolently smiled on her, and nodded his approba-

tion of all she said ; but whenever he examined the other persons about him, he became gloomy and dissatisfied, and at length, not being able any longer to subdue his fit of ill-humour, he abruptly rose from his chair, took his nephew by the arm, and drew him towards the window.

“ I beg, sir, you will be pleased to tell me,” cried he, “ what I am brought here for ? Do you take me for a mandarin, merely to be stuck up in your mother’s drawing room ? Zounds, sir, you never ceased tormenting me until I came to this infernal house. You told me the happiness of your existence depended upon my efforts to break off this projected marriage ; I sacrificed for you my just resentment ; I came,

I spoke to your mother, I even induced her not to terminate any thing without my consent. I want to explain all these matters to you, and instead of attending to me, you talk like a madman, and fly from me in the middle of my speech: you then return, and appear so devoted to the woman you pretend to hate, that it is impossible to drag you from her. I only ask you, if all this is not enough to provoke the most phlegmatic man, and whether you suppose the patience of a saint could endure such conduct?"

"Speak lower, my dear uncle," said De Montmorency, much agitated; "you perceive we are observed, and I do not wish the subject of our conversation to be known."

“ I care very little who hears us,” cried the baron, raising his voice ; “ what I have to say requires no mystery. I only beg, sir, to make you my bow,” he added ironically, “ and to be permitted to take my leave.”

“ Uncle,” replied De Montmorency, stopping the baron ; “ dearest uncle, in mercy hear me ; allow me to accompany you to the terrace, where we can converse with more freedom.”

The baron resisted, and got so angry, that De Montmorency, who seriously feared the effect of one of those dreadful paroxysms of passion to which he was subject, took his hand, and although against his will, succeeded in hurrying him out of the room.

They were absent about an hour, and on their return a perfectly good understanding seemed to prevail between them. De Montmorency again placed himself by Louisa, but without any appearance of that solicitude to please he had before affected towards her. He was dull and dejected ; but the baron, who was in an excellent humour, redoubled his attention to Julia ; the reiterated proofs he gave her of his approbation in some measure consoled her for the count's inexplicable indifference.

On the next day the melancholy of the latter appeared materially increased, and Julia with inexpressible grief observed him still anxious to avoid her. She would have given the world for a

conversation of only a few minutes with him, what she had to communicate being of the highest importance. At length, perceiving it impossible to accomplish her wishes, anger and resentment took place of her anxiety to confide in him; and she determined not to make any more equally fruitless and unpleasant attempts to speak to him. The day thus passed, and in the evening all the party walked in the grounds. Julia, when in the park, perceiving she had forgotten her gloves, returned to the drawing-room for them. A sultry heat still prevailed the atmosphere, and the newly risen moon cast a pale and uncertain light through the clouds by which it was enveloped.

Julia's mind, overcome by her sorrows,

she insensibly forgot the motive which occasioned her return to the castle. She pensively seated herself at the window, and gave herself entirely up to her reflections, or rather to that indefinite abstraction which invigorates the soul, and gives it new courage to struggle against adversity. After having spent several minutes in a sort of forgetfulness, not altogether unpleasant ; Julia left the window, and approaching the table to take ~~off~~ her gloves, her eyes rested on De Montmorency's portrait, which was suspended exactly above her. It was the same picture of cupid adolescent that had caused the ridiculous mistake she made on the day of her arrival. The moon shone fully on it

Julia who fearful of betraying her

sentiments for the original, dared not even look at it when any person was present, now yielded to the delight of contemplating it unobserved. Her tears flowed abundantly; she recollected all the events of the preceding day, and exclaimed in sobbing, "Cruel Frederick! is it thus you ought to have repaid my undisguised and sincere avowal of affection?"

"Is it possible you could be sincere?" replied some one, in a voice hardly distinguishable.

Julia screamed, and hastily looking round, perceived De Montmorency, who was cautiously advancing, after having shut the door he had found half open.

"Why are you here, sir?" she

exclaimed in terror, "let me go out. Oh, heavens! if they should know.... If we should be seen.... What fancy is this, sir?" she added angrily, as De Montmorency endeavoured to detain her; "can you suppose I will tolerate your inexplicable conduct?"

"Julia," replied De Montmorency gravely, "Julia, you would pity me, if you knew what I have suffered during the last twenty-four hours. Do not condemn me unheard—less unjust, or, rather, more feeling than you, I welcome with delight the slightest glimpse of hope that I may find you innocent."

"What do you mean!" cried Julia. "Do you intend to add insult to the whimsical conduct I have experienced

from you? Be assured, sir," she added proudly, "I will never consent to be the sport of the various sensations which so rapidly succeed each other in your mind," and ending these words, she passed De Montmorency, and opened the door to leave the room.

"Forgive me, madam, I pray you," said the count. "I will place among the pleasing illusions with which I have sometimes been made happy the words I heard you utter before my picture; and I will never again doubt M. de Rosinval's privilege of ——"

"M. de Rosinval!" replied Julia, interrupting him, with the utmost astonishment.

The count did not seem to notice this exclamation, but threw himself

into a chair, and supported his head with one of his hands.

“ Explain to me if you please, sir,” said Julia, greatly agitated, “ the meaning of the words just escaped you.”

De Montmorency still continued silent.

“ I see,” added she, advancing towards him in great agitation, “ I see I have not erred in attributing to you the most intolerable caprice; and I must beg, sir, that henceforward we may be strangers to each other, and that you will consider this as my final determination.”

“ This is too much,” exclaimed De Montmorency, rising with an impetuosity that terrified Julia. “ This is

too much. Now, madam, you will permit me also to give you my final determination. I must inform you I am not, neither will I ever be, the dupe to coquetry and falsehood. M. de Rosinval at your feet may have held a different language, and I wish for the sake of his peace, he may, longer than I have done, cherish the illusion by which his senses have been fascinated."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Julia, clasping her hands with surprise, mingled with an expression of pleasure that forcibly struck De Montmorency, "is it possible! You have then really thought that M. de Rosinval — Oh, Frederick!" she added, with a smile that scattered a

thousand charms over her lovely face, "how can you ever be pardoned such an absurdity? I was far, very far, I assure you, from suspecting you jealous of M. de Rosinval."

"Why," said De Montmorency, "did you allow him a mysterious assignation? Why suffer him to kneel to you? Why listen to him with an attention and regard for which I would have paid half my existence? Julia, is it thus you ought to have conducted yourself to him, after having on the very same morning permitted me to hope I was the beloved object of your heart?"

"If I was fond of retaliation," replied Julia, again sweetly smiling, "I should experience pleasure in punish-

ing you for the rashness with which you have so unfairly judged and condemned me ; and I should leave you in your present uncertainty ; but you will feel quite remorse enough when I most seriously assure you, that had you not so carefully endeavoured to shun me, you would long ere this have been informed of an event, on which you have been pleased to build conjectures equally absurd and unkind."

" Dearest Julia," said De Montmorency rapturously, " is it indeed true that you are still the same? How shall I ever expiate my error? how hope you will pardon a suspicion which...."

" The moments are precious," said Julia, interrupting him : " to-morrow

the eight days in which my aunt ordered me to make my election between the veil or a marriage with M. de Rosinval will expire; consequently it is of the utmost importance I should relate to you a conversation I have had with that gentleman. I know not," she added sighing, "whether the evil destiny that presided at my birth will for ever pursue me, but the misery of being the wife of De Rosinval shall never fall to my lot."

The count took Julia's hand, and raised it to his lips, saying, "My sweet, my lovely friend, I will avert from my Julia every misery:" then drawing her gently towards him, they seated themselves on a sofa, and he prepared to listen with attention to what she wished to tell him.

Julia, thinking of nothing so much as of justifying herself to her lover, forgot for the first few moments that she was alone with him, and at a distance from the rest of the party, who would not fail to observe her and De Montmorency's absence ; but as soon as this reflection occurred to her, she instantly left the sofa, and explained her fears to De Montmorency, who soon dispelled them by assurances that all the company were occupied in fishing on the canal by moonlight.—“ Besides,” he added, “ they know you frequently walk alone on the banks of the river, and I mentioned to my mother that I should retire to the library, having several letters to write before supper, which was in fact my

intention, but on passing this room I saw you, and could not resist the opportunity of looking at an object, whom I, as I thought, both adored and detested. I remained at the door a few seconds, and I believe should have gone on to the library without speaking to you, so blinded was I by error, and I fear jealousy, had I not heard the sweet voice of my Julia addressing those reproaches to my unconscious picture which have occasioned the explanation that ensures my future happiness."

Julia, a little tranquillized by this explanation, consented to reseat herself, and at length entered into those particulars so very anxiously expected by her lover.

After having explained to him the reasons that induced her to suspect she had been watched by M. de Rosinval on the preceding morning, she mentioned her excessive alarm when she thought he was going to betray her to Madame de Seligny : “ I saw no alternative,” continued Julia, “ but to grant him the private interview he requested, as he had said, on those terms I might depend on his perfect discretion. I therefore consented to meet him at the appointed place, and I was punctual to the instant.

M. de Rosinval on accosting me appeared greatly agitated ; I even fancied I could discover on his countenance an expression of malicious joy,

a species of savage triumph, which indeed he did not long try to restrain ; but the determined frigidity with which the insolent proposals he dared to make me were received very shortly obliged him to assume a more becoming conduct, and I then consented to hear what he had to say.

“ It will be impossible to give you an exact account of all the conversation we had together,” added Julia, “ as our time will not permit it ; but you shall have the result of the singular proposition made to me by M. de Rosinval, and to which I thought it right to accede ; as, in the event of my refusal, he threatened to inform my aunt of my sentiments for you. After having represented in

the strongest colours the insurmountable objections that would for ever operate against your union with me, and when he had very emphatically delineated the advantages which must result from my marrying him, he exacted from me a sacred promise to make him acquainted with the subject of every private conversation I shall in future have with you. I am to inform him of our hopes, our intentions, and our fears. In short, of every circumstance interesting to us."

"And have you consented to such a treaty?" said De Montmorency, interrupting her impatiently.

"Be calm," said Julia, "and allow me to finish what I have yet to say. You must be certain I felt indignant

at such a proposal, and that I expressed my feelings; but this was M. de Rosinval's answer: 'I have become your confidant without your leave, I will either remain so with your consent, or I shall reveal to your aunt certain secrets, the importance of which cannot escape you.'

"But what can be his motive," replied De Montmorency, "what good can result to him from a confidence by no means flattering, as it is forced?"

"I know not," said Julia; "his conduct is inexplicable, but I in vain tried to make him relax from his determination. I even went so far as to assure him most solemnly, that in no possible event could my sentiments towards

him become more favorable, and that even was I certain of never becoming your's, I should still a thousand times prefer the veil to an union with him. He smiled contemptuously, and assumed a manner which extremely displeased me. He, a second time, threatened me with discovering all to my aunt, if I continued to refuse his request. "Do not fancy," he added, "it will be easy to evade the conditions I have proposed. I have infallible means to ascertain whether you deceive me; should you make so rash an attempt, I shall consider my promise cancelled, and then probably you will repent of your imprudence and.."

"That man is very daring," said De Montmorency, again interrupting

Julia: "does he suppose I shall quietly submit to your being thus treated? No!" he added, with an accent that made Julia tremble; "no, and I will this instant find him, and force him to give me satisfaction for his audacity and impertinence."

"Great God! will you then destroy me?" cried Julia, in terror. "Frederick, for heaven's sake be calm."—The words died on her lips, and she fell back on the sofa, without the power to speak to the count, who had already reached the door, where he stopped, reflected a few moments, and slowly returned to his seat.

"Finish," he said, in an angry voice; "finish this strange recital, and triumph in your power over me, for I

consent not to execute the threats which have just now escaped me.”

Julia gave him a look of gratitude, but her fear had so entirely overcome her, that some time elapsed before she could resume the subject with coherence. Her voice was weak, tremulous, and scarcely audible. De Montmorency, much affected at her situation, repeated his promise, not to challenge De Rosinval, and was soon successful in tranquillising her spirits. Julia then told him, that quite subdued by the apprehension of being given up to her aunt's resentment, she had at last acquiesced with Rosinval's terms; but that the extravagant joy he exhibited, together with the familiarity of manner he had ever since

adopted towards her, notwithstanding her decided contempt and disgust, which she could not conceal, appeared to her most extraordinary and unaccountable. “ You may now judge,” she added, “ how very desirous I must have been to communicate to you all these circumstances ; and how greatly I was both surprised and hurt at your anxiety to shun me.”

De Montmorency’s mind was completely alienated during the latter part of Julia’s explanation, and when she had finished speaking he still continued silent.

“ What ought I to do ?” she added in a gentle tone of voice, anxious to remove the gloom evidently returning on De Montmorency’s countenance.—

“ I know Madame de Seligny, and I am sure she will insist on my final determination to-morrow.”

“ Did you not tell me,” replied De Montmorency coldly, “ that you would never consent to be Rosinval’s wife ?”

“ Most certainly I did,” said Julia.

“ Then what prevents you saying so to Madame de Seligny ?”

“ Recollect, Frederick, I must at the same moment leave this place and return to my convent.”

“ No, you shall not leave me, my Julia,” said the count ; “ no, they shall not deprive me of all my happiness,” he added with tenderness and affection : “ I will go to my mother, and beseech her to unite us ; if she is inexorable she may disinherit me : I will thank-

fully sacrifice my fortune to my hopes of Julia. Will not the advantages of affluence be to me insipid unless you partake of them?"

"Frederick," said Julia, emphatically, "are you aware of the extent of such a sacrifice? you know the dependant position in which fortune has placed me.—I am a poor girl! I have nothing in the world except a too feeling heart, that is all I can offer you; but that..." she blushed, and dared not finish the sentence.

"And that is the only treasure I am ambitious of possessing," cried De Montmorency, falling at Julia's feet. "My sweet friend, are you not the object of my sincere and unalterable regard? Of what importance then are all

the riches of the universe, if I am but blest with your affection?"

After spending some moments in reciprocal assurances of mutual attachment and fidelity, Frederick and Julia continued to converse with more calmness; it was decided that De Montmorency should yet a little longer delay speaking to his mother, and that he should endeavour to influence the baron to promote his wishes.

"I am ignorant," said the count, "of the means my uncle has employed to obtain an ascendancy over my mother's mind; he has refused to inform me, and merely assured me she would never dare to force my marriage with Louisa without his consent. I am convinced the motives must have been powerful

to induce her thus to a condescension very unusual to her, and therefore if we should be so fortunate as to obtain the baron's protection I shall indulge the most flattering hopes. I think you will believe I shall not omit any effort to induce him to favour our wishes."

Julia quite approved of this plan, and on her part proposed to solicit from her aunt eight days more, in which to reflect before she made her final election: "But, dear Frederick," she added with alarm, "we are conversing so near the window that we may very easily be overheard." De Montmorency quieted her fears by again assuring her that his mother and her visitors were all on the water, and he

was about to resume the conversation when they heard some voices at a distance, and they instantly separated: the count went up to his room, and Julia returned to the park: at the end of the long vista she saw M. and Madame de Seligny with the baron, and at the same moment her arm was touched by De Rosinval, who came out of a thick shrubbery that was nearly under the drawing-room windows. He said in a low voice, “ I claim the condition of our treaty: what was the subject of your recent conversation with the Count de Montmorency ? ”

Julia, extremely surprised, at first had not the power to articulate—but Rosinval having repeated the ques-

tion in a louder tone of voice, she replied with hesitation .

“ I certainly have just now seen the Count de Montmorency, and I told him —— ”

It was impossible for her to finish ; she stammered, coughed, and could not conclude the sentence.

“ Well ! what did you tell him ? ” asked Rosinval.

Julia, still more disconcerted, made no reply.

“ I am willing,” added Rosinval, ironically, “ to spare you the recital of what has been said by De Montmorency and yourself, as this is your first conversation since the treaty was concluded between us. The party is about

to join us, and as I mean to give you a proof of my discretion, I will merely say that I take it upon myself to obtain from Madame de Seligny the eight days delay you intended to solicit for."

Julia, notwithstanding her perplexing situation, would doubtless have answered this last sentence had not the baron, seeing her with Rosinval, quickened his step to reach them, and thus prevented her breaking her silence.

The baron addressed her with his usual kindness, offered her his arm, and continued to walk near her, chatting with the utmost affability. Julia, entirely occupied by her reflections on De Rosinval's extraordinary conduct,

paid but little attention to a conversation which, under any other than the existing circumstances, would have given her the greatest pleasure. She frequently turned round to observe Rosinval, and could not repress a sensation of terror on seeing him join Madame de Seligny and the Countess de Montmorency, with whom he retired into a less frequented path.

On reaching the castle, Julia seated herself in a corner of the drawing-room, from whence she ventured to cast a timid look on Madame de Seligny, who had entered with the rest of the company ; and not perceiving any symptom of displeasure on her countenance, she regained a little courage and tranquillity, and almost flattered her-

self that Rosinval had not betrayed her ; but her uneasiness and agitation were again renewed by the entrance of De Montmorency. The threatening glance he darted on Rosinval ; the contempt and disdain with which he replied to every thing said by him, so greatly terrified Julia, that she was obliged to resort to all her self-possession to enable her to conceal her sensations.

She assumed towards Rosinval a sort of consideration and respect, in the hope of qualifying the pointed rudeness of her lover, and also to make the latter feel how greatly his conduct alarmed her ; but so far from its operating in the way she expected, that Montmorency's ill-humour each mo-

ment encreased. Fortunately the castle bell announced the hour when the party usually separated, and she was one of the first to leave the room.

Alone in her chamber, she more calmly reflected on the incidents of the evening. The count's jealousy, and the menaces he had uttered relative to Rosinval, made her shudder ; and her own situation seemed to be a peculiarly difficult one. She was doubtful of the propriety or otherwise of informing Montmorency of her conversation with Rosinval on leaving him. Was it not to be apprehended that the hateful man's unjustifiable propensity to watch all their movements, together with the idea of his having so unfairly usurped power over her mind and

actions, might influence De Montmorency to require of his rival the atonement expected by every man of honour for conduct equally extraordinary and atrocious. On the other hand, if she remained silent, might she not again be suspected of duplicity ; and besides, how could she avoid telling De Montmorency of the persecution she still expected to endure from Rosinval ?

After having successively adopted and rejected the various plans that presented themselves to her imagination, she remained as undetermined as before, and passed nearly all the night in fruitless endeavours to adopt the best mode of emancipating herself from the cruel dilemma in which she was involved.

The next day Julia avoided with equal care both De Montmorency and Rosinval ; but the latter, as if he had divined her intention, so determinately followed her, that at length he succeeded in making himself heard. He told her that Madame de Seligny not only consented to the delay she wished for, but that in consequence of some new arrangement between the two families, the marriage of the count and Louisa was postponed for one month.

“ I hope, charming Julia,” he said, “ you are satisfied with my zeal. You see with what fidelity I fulfil my promises. You must allow that if I was inclined to retaliate I should not have acted as I have done towards

you ; however, I must now assure you that if for a first fault I have the indulgence of a friend, I shall act with the severity of a judge the next time I discover you to have the slightest reservation with me."

On finishing these words he gave Julia so arrogant a look, that she could no longer suppress her indignation, and she said to him with firmness—

" A spy, who attempts to exalt himself to the character of a judge, can only excite my contempt, and that sentiment is too incompatible with confidence to allow of my granting you mine."

" Very well, madam," coldly replied Rosinval ; " you certainly are at liberty to conduct yourself as best

pleases you ; for my part I have so strong a mania for confidences, that I am going to confide in Madame de Seligny."

" Sir !" exclaimed Julia, grasping Rosinval's arm as he was leaving the room. She could not add one more word, for the Count de Montmorency at that moment opened the door of the library, where this conversation was passing, and gave Rosinval a look so expressive of rage, that Julia nearly fainted with terror.

" I hope no person here has dared to insult or alarm you," said De Montmorency, approaching Julia.

" Oh, no !.... No ! I assure you," replied Julia, forcing a smile.

Rosinval advanced towards the

door ; and Julia, terrified lest he should execute his recent threat, ran after him in such apparent agitation, that De Montmorency, unable to comprehend the scene before him, stood still in the middle of the room, and fixing his eyes on Julia, seemed to implore an explanation of her evident embarrassment.

“ I did not wish.... I did not want,” said Julia, trembling, “ M. de Rosinval to leave me until I knew —— Yes, until I knew ——” She blushed.. then became pale, and could not finish the sentence.

“ I await your commands, madam,” replied Rosinval smiling ; “ but I thought,” he added, perceiving her excessive confusion, “ I had given you

my opinion of the book we were looking over just now, which I placed on this shelf."

"Oh yes," said Julia hastily, "that is the book..the book, sir, I promise you to attend to the advice you gave me; it is quite right..indeed I will follow it...I will."

"That is quite sufficient, madam," replied Rosinval: "I entreat you always to rely on my zeal—it will ever give me pleasure to direct your studies whenever you do me the honour to consult me;" and ending his speech, he bowed most respectfully to Julia and retired.

"May I be informed," said De Montmorency, gravely, "what very interesting book it is that so completely

rivettèd your attention as to have occasioned your soliciting with so much fervor M. de Rosinval's judgment upon it ?”

“ Oh, it is,” replied Julia, “ it is... Good God, I have forgotten the title of it..oh..it is the *Henriade*.”

“ For the last three days that book has been in my room,” said De Montmorency, sternly, “ and I know there is no second copy of it here ; but, Julia,” he added, seeing her blush, “ let us drop these disgraceful subterfuges; be assured I am not their dupe. The man who is just gone from hence had I am convinced a very different conversation with you from the one you have fabricated. Your confusion on my entrance, nay, some tears I thought I could dis-

cover in your eyes, all induce me to believe he has again ventured to threaten you."

"No," said Julia, interrupting him, "you are in error. In mercy do not look so angry. Frederick, you make me tremble."

"I am ignorant of what interest you take in that man, but it must be a serious one to induce you thus to make a mystery of what he was saying to you."

"Unjust Frederick!" said Julia in tears; "will you always entertain these offensive and ungenerous suspicions of me?"

"It rests with yourself to destroy them," replied De Montmorency; "tell me why you seemed so agitated when Rosinval was about to leave you?"

Julia reflected for some moments, then raising her sweet eyes full of tears, she said to the count in a voice almost stifled by her sighs :— “ I never could have believed, sir, that the frankness and sincerity with which I allowed you to read my heart would have been repaid with such ingratitude. I forgave your first suspicions, I even condescended to enter into every minute explanation likely to regenerate your tranquillity: you are aware of the extent of my hatred to M. de Rosinval, and notwithstanding so many proofs of my veracity and exclusive attachment, you still dare to express the same mistrust, the same jealousy : I see,” she added sobbing, “ I am born to be for ever wretched.”

“ Julia, for heaven’s sake do not thus afflict yourself: forgive me,” he added, throwing himself at her feet, “ forgive me: the jealous suspicions of which you accused me are destroyed for ever; but I entreat you, again most earnestly entreat you, to tell me every particular of the conversation between you and De Rosinval.”

Julia seated herself in the corner of the room, and wept bitterly. De Montmorency was greatly affected; he tried to soothe her by expressions of affection, and again earnestly entreated her forgiveness, although it could easily be perceived he had difficulty in subduing his jealous irritability. This disposition of mind did not escape Julia’s observation, and confirmed her

in the resolution of keeping this impetuous young man in ignorance of the subject of her last vexatious interview with Rosinval.

Wishing, however, to terminate a conversation that was becoming rather embarrassing, Julia affected to be appeased by De Montmorency's protestations. She informed him of the delay Madame de Seligny had granted her, but without saying Rosinval had obtained it; and merely told him she had learnt from the latter that the intended union was postponed. "As to the confusion you observed in me," she added in an unsteady voice, "it was the consequence of my extreme apprehension that you would execute the threats I heard you utter against M. de

Rosinval; and which was infinitely encreased by the dreadful look you gave him on your entering the room."

"But it seems to me," replied De Montmorency, "that with those fears you ought to have rejoiced at his absenting himself; and I confess I am at a loss to conjecture the motive that induced you to detain him."

"I know not what I did..neither can I now tell what I ought to have done," said Julia, with asperity; "but however I may be pained by perceiving you still entertain doubts of the purity of my motives, I must be allowed, sir, to say, I can add nothing to the explanation I have already given you."

De Montmorency fearing, and with

reason, that he had seriously offended Julia, tried to soothe her, and appeared satisfied with the manner in which she had accounted for her strange conduct towards De Rosinval.

He then acquainted her with his having had a conversation with the baron, in which the good old gentleman had expressed himself well inclined to protect and serve him. "My uncle infinitely admires you," he added, "I never heard him speak of any woman with the enthusiasm my Julia has excited. I have only now some slight objections of his to combat with, which I hope soon to destroy; and then nothing can oppose our permanent happiness."

Julia, flattered and delighted by the

perspective now opening on her mind, insensibly resumed that natural and affectionate manner towards De Montmorency which never failed to infatuate him; and he quitted her, more than ever devoted to her.

Going down to the stairs he heard the sound of several voices, and among them distinguished the baron's, who was bawling out in no very gentle key, "Where is my nephew? seek him; call him—I must speak to him this very moment."

De Montmorency hastened down, and found the baron in the hall, already out of patience at the tardiness of the servants for not executing his orders with sufficient alacrity. He held a letter in his hand, which he gave to

his nephew the instant he perceived him.

“ The Baroness de Montmorency is dangerously ill,” said he ; “ they write me word she wishes to speak to me before she dies : we have been separated these fifteen years, during which period we have never met ; but I cannot refuse her last request, and therefore I intend instantaneously to set out for Blois.”

De Montmorency, although he highly approved of his uncle’s determination, could not conceal from him the grief he felt at his absence from the castle, when existing circumstances rendered his presence so very desirable ; nay, even necessary.

“ I shall return, my boy,” replied

the baron; “ be assured I will return; but fear nothing from your mother during the interval. I have just now left her, and I again assert to you that she dare not take any strong measures without my consent.”

The count, a little cheered by his uncle’s promise of protection, conducted him to his carriage, repeatedly saying, that on him alone depended all his future hopes of happiness; he solicited the baron to favour him with a letter during his stay at Blois; and when his uncle drove off, he experienced a sensation of sadness, that during the rest of the day he in vain tried to banish.

Julia partook of this impression—or rather she seemed to feel it more

acutely, as gravity and reflection took place of her usual good humoured cheerfulness, and all the rest of the evening she was thoughtful and silent.

Some time before supper she left the room, and De Montmorency thought he observed an expression of sadness on her countenance, and a degree of unhappiness in a look she gave him, that made him shiver with fear and anxiety. He would have given the world to follow her ; but he could not leave the game of chess he was playing with Madame de Seligny, and was constrained much against his will to appear attentive, although it could easily be discerned by his absence of manner, and the errors he every moment committed, that his thoughts

were altogether engaged on another subject.

He continued thus for nearly three hours, and his uneasiness became more intolerable, owing to Rosinval's not having made his appearance in the drawing-room during the evening; he concluded Julia and him were together. The scene in the library recurred to his imagination, and the jealousy natural to his character gave a yet more sombre tint to his already gloomy ideas; he accused Julia, and mentally lavished on Rosinval all the epithets rage and indignation could suggest; and at length made up his mind to call him to account, notwithstanding his promise to Julia, for a conduct he could no longer tolerate.

At length the party of chess was finished, and De Montmorency nearly upset the table in his eagerness to get away; he left the room, and ran into the park; but as the evening was rainy, he conjectured that Julia had returned to the house. He sought her in her room—it was empty. He went into the library, with no better success; he then thought of the Chinese Temple, and had no doubt of her having taken shelter there—<sup>until</sup> the rain had ceased. This idea was hardly conceived, before he found himself in the middle of the park, running with the utmost rapidity towards the spot where he expected to find Julia. On his reaching the Chinese Temple, he saw it quite deserted; he called loudly; but the roaring of the wind was the only answer he received.

His uneasiness became so painful that he flew back to the castle with the same haste he had left it. He looked into the drawing-room, and observed all the persons he had spent the last three hours with, conversing peaceably together ; but neither Julia nor De Rosinval was with them.

“ Where are they gone ? ” he cried, scarcely himself.

“ Of whom are you speaking, Frederick ? ” asked the Countess de Montmorency.

“ Of Miss d’Aubigny, and M. de Rosinval,” replied her son ; “ I have been looking for them this half hour ; I have searched the park, and all the apartments, without having found them.”

The countess smiled scornfully, and continued silent. M. de Seligny, who had been sleeping, opened his eyes, took his snuff box, turned it round and round between his fingers, without speaking a word. Madame de Seligny observed that Julia was very fond of private conferences with M. de Rosinval; and Louisa added yawning, she dared to say her cousin was not lost.

De Montmorency, not condescending to answer, walked with hasty steps up and down the room; then throwing himself into a chair, fixed his anxious looks on the door, and remained in the same posture until supper was announced.

When he entered the eating-room, and saw them all placing themselves at

table, apparently quite careless as to the fate of Julia, he lost his patience, and ordering the servants who were present to follow him, he once again began his researches. After having a second time fruitlessly gone over all the walks in the park, he was about to return to the castle, when he was met by one of his mother's servants, who hastily said to him :— “ If it is Miss Julia whom you seek, sir, it is my duty to inform you I saw her about two hours ago in the park with M. de Rosinval ; she was leaning on his arm, and they were conversing together with much earnestness : they went down the walk leading to the park gate that opens on the high road, and there I lost sight of them.”

De Montmorency, without answering a word, ran to the place described : he reached the gate quite out of breath, and it would be impossible to describe what he felt on finding it open, and on discovering on the sands, recently wetted by the rain, the evident tracks of a carriage.

“ Instantly saddle my horse,” he furiously cried. “ Oh ! the monster, I will pursue, and make him a dreadful example of my just revenge. I will—” And uttering these words he looked round, and saw himself alone. The servants, not having received any fresh orders, had returned to the castle. He also was shortly there, mounted his horse, and accompanied by a groom, not in the least attending to the rain,

that fell in torrents, galloped towards Rosinval's house, which was situated about four leagues from the Chateau de St. Louis.

It was midnight when De Montmorency reached the Castle of Rosinval; he dismounted, ordered his servants to wait for him, and entered the court yard, the gates of which he found open. An absolute darkness prevailed, and a mass of shade, less dense than that by which he was surrounded, alone indicated the building he sought for. Having reached the door, he knocked loudly; but was only answered by the barking of several dogs, which noise was succeeded by a death-like silence. The count's impatience and rage had attained to their height

since his arrival at the dwelling of his rival; he again knocked with violence, and at length a window was opened, and a shrill voice asked who was there.

“ I wish to speak to M. de Rosinval,” said De Montmorency; “ instantly admit me.”

“ My master is not here,” replied the same voice, “ therefore I beg you will withdraw, and no longer disturb our rest.”

The count insisted on having the doors opened, adding, he had business of the utmost importance to communicate to M. de Rosinval, and that he must immediately be admitted.

Instead of answering, they closed the window, and left him to call, swear, and wait; not even deigning to notice his

impatience. At length, after an agonizing quarter of an hour, during which he had incessantly assailed the knocker, he perceived a light passing through the apartment, and soon after heard footsteps in the hall,

“ I wish to see M. de Rosinval for one moment,” again exclaimed De Montmorency.

An old man half opened the door, and with much civility answered that M. de Rosinval had been absent for the last four months.

De Montmorency, without speaking, pushed the door open with violence, crossed the hall, and ascended the stairs with the utmost rapidity.

“ Sir,” said the old man respectfully, who had just recognized the Count de

Montmorency, "I have the honour again to assure you my master is not here; but if you do not credit me, I am ready to attend you into every room in the castle, and you then can judge of my veracity."

"Where is he then?" cried De Montmorency, still hastening forward, whilst the old man could hardly keep pace with his rapid steps. At this moment they reached Rosinval's apartment. The shutters were closed, the furniture covered, and there was every appearance of its being uninhabited: from thence they went to the other rooms, De Montmorency ordering every door he saw to be opened. At last, after the most accurate search, being convinced the old man had not

deceived him, he earnestly intreated him to say where he could find his master.

“ It is impossible for me to answer that question ; I am M. de Rosinval’s steward,” replied the old man, “ and there are no other persons in the house besides my daughter, one female servant, and two gardeners ; we none of us know where our master is, and to any other than yourself, my lord, I should have stated my certainty of his being at this time on a visit at the Chateau de St. Louis ; but as you are just come from thence, and he has left it, I can say nothing conclusive on the subject, but merely conjecture that possibly he may have gone to Paris.”

“ You are certainly right,” said the

impetuous De Montmorency, "he is certainly at Paris."

And without adding another word, he abruptly left the old man, descended the stairs, hurried across the courtyard, mounted his horse, and took at full speed the road to the metropolis.

Having reached that immense city, his first impulse was to go to Rosinval's house ; but there he was again unsuccessful ; all the pains he took to trace the persons he was anxious to find were fruitless. No intelligence whatever could be obtained of them, and without allowing himself time to rest after the fatigue of travelling, he with equal rapidity returned to the Chateau de St. Louis, indulging a hope that he should there discover some circum-

stance that might throw a light on an event that distracted him. This hope, like his other expectations, ended in disappointment ; no one could give any information relative to Julia and De Rosinval.

Madame de Seligny appeared greatly incensed against her niece. The countess repeatedly said that Rosinval had violated the laws of hospitality, and had forgotten the respect due to her, in daring to carry off that forward girl. Louisa lamented her cousin's absence, but never made one effort to extenuate her conduct ; and M. de Seligny was the only one who observed that there must be something very extraordinary in the business, for he added :— “ I cannot see why Julia

should run away with M. de Rosinval, when every body wished her to marry him: there certainly is in this affair some mystery I cannot understand."

Madame de Seligny, for the first time in her life, allowed her husband's reasoning to be correct. "And what is still more unaccountable," she added, "Julia, in the morning of the same day on which she absented herself, declared she no longer had any repugnance to the union I had proposed to her, and told me she was ready to conclude it whenever I pleased. This conversation passed in the library, in the presence of M. de Rosinval; and I left them some minutes afterwards perfectly satisfied with each other."

De Montmorency, who listened to Madame de Seligny's speech with much attention, could now no longer restrain *his* indignation:—

“ This is too much,” he cried ; “ I will not quietly permit unprotected innocence to be thus calumniated. I will bring to light this iniquitous mystery ; the persecutions endured by that interesting and friendless girl shall be made known, and I will expose her enemies.”

On finishing these words, he abruptly left the room, and shut himself in his own apartment, nearly overcome by his feelings.

Julia imploring his protection !  
Julia in De Rosinval's power ! perhaps  
sinking under misery ! were the first

affecting images his imagination presented ; but very soon jealousy, infusing its destructive venom into his too susceptible heart, destroyed the sweet sensations of confidence and affection, and usurped an arbitrary power over his understanding. He thought Julia was certainly attached to Rosinval ; she too surely loved him : if otherwise, what could have occasioned the fear and anxiety she exhibited in the library, and wherefore that determined silence and deep thoughtfulness during the remainder of the day ; and above all what could be the meaning of that look of sadness and dejection she had given him on leaving the room ? “ Ah, without doubt she is guilty,” he cried, “ and her remorse at having deceived me pro-

bably occasioned that fugitive emotion which I had the weakness, I own, to be affected by. Ah, Julia ! Julia !” he added, in a reproachful tone ; but scarcely had he pronounced her beloved name, when commiseration and tenderness superseded his agitated and angry sensations. He recollected his Julia, gentle, artless, and affectionate, saying she lived for him only—burning tears fell from his eyes, and all his feelings concentrated in one passion, that of revenge against his hated rival.

Whilst the Count de Montmorency, thus a prey to a thousand painful remembrances, was meditating on what plan he ought to pursue, Julia, shut up in a post-chaise, of which the blinds were carefully closed, had already tra-

velled to a considerable distance, and was still continuing her journey by cross roads, towards the most southern provinces of France.

With her eyes bathed in tears, she in vain interrogated the female of about fifty years old, who accompanied her in the carriage. The woman with much ill-humour replied:— “You will know at the end of your journey what is expected of you.”

Julia, yielding to her grief, most bitterly regretted not having unreservedly confided in De Montmorency. “He would have protected me,” thought she; “he would have watched over my destiny, and I should not now be here.” But the idea of having performed her duty, of having pre-

vented the man she loved from hazarding a life far dearer to her than her own existence, soon calmed the violence of her affliction; and she felt a sensation of pride, frequently mistaken for real courage. She could not after the strictest examination accuse herself of any impropriety, and she remained convinced that even could she again be placed in similar circumstances, her conduct must still be the same. All her anger and indignation rested on Rosinval.

This odious man, overjoyed at having by his artifices forced Julia to adopt that reserve and concealment towards De Montmorency which so exactly insured the success of the iniquitous plan he had conceived, judg-

ed the present a favourable period for its final execution; he therefore watched the moment when Julia left the library, and said to her in a low voice:— “ I exact but one more proof of your confidence. You must give me a faithful account of the conversation you have just had with De Montmorency. I shall expect you at eight o'clock this evening in the park; probably your future happiness will depend on this last attention to my wishes, and it remains with yourself either to make me a very zealous friend or a most implacable enemy.”

“ I will be there,” Julia answered with quickness, on hearing De Montmorency's and the baron's voices at the bottom of the stairs; and trembling lest

the former should again find her with Rosinval, "I will be there, you may rely on it ;" and she instantly flew to her own room, from whence she descended with that grave and thoughtful appearance that had struck so forcibly De Montmorency.

At the appointed time she went into the park ; Rosinval had preceded, and was waiting for her. Most respectfully taking her hand, he expressed his gratitude for her condescension, and insensibly drew her into a walk, at the end of which was a gate, opening to the high road.

Julia, suffering from a depression of spirits she in vain tried to shake off, heard with absence of mind the protestations of interest and friendship

reiterated by Rosinval ; and was mentally congratulating herself on his silence relative to De Montmorency, when having attained the extremity of the walk, the gate already mentioned suddenly opened, and a woman, whom Julia instantly recognized as Madame de Seligny's housekeeper, advanced towards her, and presented a letter. Julia, greatly surprised, at first took it, without uttering a word, or looking at the address ; and supposing it intended for her aunt, she was turning away, highly delighted at having so good a pretence for leaving Rosinval.

“ Stop, madam,” cried the woman, “ that letter is directed to you, which you may convince yourself of, if you will come on this side where there is

more light. "It is an order from Madame de Seligny for you instantly to follow me."

"To follow you !" said Julia, "how ! where ! what does it mean ?"

"Read it, madam," said the woman, coolly interrupting her.

Julia broke the seal of the letter with a trembling hand, and distinguished the following words :—

"Follow Madame Dumont, who has orders to convey you to a place I consider more suitable to you than this : on your obedience depends your fate ;— if I am satisfied with your conduct, your exile will not be of long duration ; but should you dare to resist, tremble. The least opposition

will draw down upon your head a punishment that will last during your life. Depart instantly, and I command you not to attempt seeing me.

I. De Seligny."

The letter fell from poor Julia's hands, and the excess of her surprise rendered her motionless as a statue.

"Let us go, ma'am," said Madame Dumont: "a carriage is in waiting here, and we are provided with every necessary for our journey."

Julia shuddered, and addressing M. de Rosinval with scorn, she said:—  
"This then is the proof you give me, sir, of the interest you take in my happiness!"

"Do not, I pray you, madam, judge

me by appearances," quickly replied Rosinval; "I protest to you I am innocent, and I——"

"The extreme contempt I have for a traitor is not my only sensation. I feel," said Julia, interrupting him; "I feel humiliated in my own eyes, and shall never pardon my folly in crediting for one instant his professions of friendship. Madame Dumont," she added, "I shall not disobey my aunt's orders, I only request to go for a few minutes to the castle, and I give you my word to return here without even attempting to soften Madame de Seligny—I too well know how inexorable she is."

"Do not be offended if I refuse you this indulgence," Madame Dumont

answered ; “ but the orders I have received are explicit, and extend even to my using force if you delay accompanying me ; two men are now in waiting to place you in the carriage, in the event of your refusing to enter it quietly.”

“ You have certainly taken all the precautions possible,” replied Julia, smiling ironically ; “ but Madame de Seligny shall have the pleasure of knowing they were useless.”

Finishing this sentence, she pushed open the gate and approached the carriage. Rosinval had the temerity to offer his hand to assist her, which, however, she did not deign to notice, but placing herself by Madame Dumont, she covered her face with her handkerchief and remained silent.

“ You will some day acknowledge your injustice, lovely Julia,” exclaimed Rosinval, and know me to be your friend.”

The carriage at this moment drove off at full speed, and Julia experienced a species of comfort in no longer hearing the voice of a man whom she could not think of without horror.

Rosinval took care not to return to the castle. His presence would have destroyed the jealous suspicions he wished de Montmorency's heart to be tortured with; consequently, as soon as the carriage was out of his view, he walked to a little inn at the distance of about a mile, where he had ordered his servant to be in waiting; there he procured post-horses, and instantly

proceeded to the estate of a friend of his, situated in Alsace, where he intended quietly to await the result of the plot formed against the innocent Julia.

Mortified at the contempt with which Julia treated him, furious at her preference for De Montmorency, Rosinval's passion for her changed into inveterate hatred, and he wished for nothing so much as the power to revenge himself for her disdainful refusal of his hand; yet he would have given the world to become her husband, merely from a wish to torment and inflict on her some cruel punishment for her disrespectful conduct towards himself. The natural depravity of his own character rendered him

mistrustful of others. He carried into society not an observing and inquiring mind, one of the appendages of real philosophy, but that restless curiosity, that insatiable desire to intermeddle with the affairs and secrets of another—the usual symptoms of a mean and selfish disposition, which always tries to break through the narrow bounds by which it is circumscribed. Rosinval never deliberated, and the energy with which he endeavoured to discover whatever he desired to know, almost invariably ensured him success. He had perceived Madame de Seligny's hatred for her niece, or rather her fears lest Julia's lovely and attractive figure should interfere with the plans she had formed for her

daughter's establishment. He also knew the Countess de Montmorency had similar apprehensions; not that she at all valued Louisa, but the immense fortune of the latter suited her views, and she trembled lest Julia's beauty should make a too strong impression on her son's heart, and prevent an union so necessary to the ambitious plan she had formed for him.

It will readily be imagined that these two women did not long delay a reciprocal confession of their uneasiness on this subject, more especially as they could no longer doubt of De Montmorency's dislike to Louisa. Madame de Seligny wished to send Julia immediately to her convent. The countess had willingly consented

to this apparently essential measure, when Rosinval's information of the existing attachment between the young count and Julia obliged them to alter their plan.

“ You know not,” he said to them, “ how infinitely difficulties and obstacles tend to nourish affection. De Montmorency, deeply afflicted at having the beloved object of his heart torn from him, and shut up in a cloister, will yet more strongly resist the union you are anxious for ; Julia will become a thousand times more dear to him from the moment he believes her suffering. Allow me to manage this affair ; I know the jealous character of this young man ; I will scatter on his heart the seeds of mistrust and sus-

picion, and when I see the moment propitious to our views, what need prevent you sending Julia away? Not to her convent, but to one of your estates, madam (addressing himself to the countess) where your son will never think of searching for her. I will leave the castle at the same moment she does ; the count will believe us together, or at any rate may suppose so. He will weary himself with fruitless conjectures, and in this wretched state of grief at her loss, and doubt of her fidelity, he will probably, in desperation, conclude a marriage equally advantageous to both families."

"I quite approve of this plan," said Madame de Seligny, "and am willing

to adopt it if the countess thinks it right."

The countess reflected for a few moments, and then declared she had no objection whatever to offer. They then decided that Madame de Seligny should order a confidential servant of her own to conduct Julia to an estate belonging to the countess, situated at the foot of the Pyrenees; and it has been seen in what manner the artful Rosinval conducted this shameful enterprise.

Of the three persons thus leagued against the happiness of Julia, the Countess de Montmorency was the one who most heartily rejoiced at the fruition of their plan. She now felt herself protected against the storm

which must have ensued from the baron's violence, had he imagined her trying to torment De Montmorency. It was of the highest importance to her not to irritate the mind of her brother-in-law, who in fact could, as he had threatened, effect her complete ruin.

Some little time after their friendly intercourse had ceased, that is to say when Frederick de Montmorency was about fourteen years old, the baron, whilst overlooking some necessary repairs in the interior of the castle, had discovered in the hollow part of the wall (until then concealed by the wainscot) an old trunk covered with dust, in which he found several papers enclosed in a skin of parchment: he

eagerly examined them, and discovered, not without the greatest surprise, they were title-deeds, proving the long contested inheritance between his sister-in-law's family and his own incontestibly to belong to the house of De Montmorency.

Delighted with this discovery, his first impulse was to convey them to his solicitor, and then re-commence a process, which, by depriving the countess of all her possessions, rendered her absolutely dependant on her son, but after a few moment's reflection, the natural goodness of his heart prevented his taking a step so destructive to the pride of his enemy. He carefully laid by the papers, and had nearly forgotten their existence, until Frederick de

Montmorency, by claiming his protection, created the idea of using the title deeds as a scourge over the countess, to prevent her taking any measure towards establishing her son, without having previously obtained his consent.

His success we have already seen. At the first expression of ruin and revenge he uttered, his sister-in-law became so pale and confused, a dreadful shuddering so palsied her frame, that the baron was convinced he should soon bring her to his wishes.

“Do not destroy me, sir,” she said, “and above all I entreat you to conceal from my son a secret that weighs heavily on my conscience—a secret—”

Fortunately for her, the baron interrupted her, for she was on the point of disclosing an important and extraordi-

nary circumstance, which she believed him already acquainted with, and was then alluding to.

The baron, whose heart was formed in nature's gentlest mould, was greatly affected by her thus humiliating herself to him ; his anger instantly subsided, and <sup>he</sup> hastened to cheer her spirits by declaring he had no intention to injure her ; then, without giving her time to reply, he explained in what manner he had found the papers, and merely requested her promise not to conclude the intended marriage until he thought it right to give his consent.

“ On these terms,” he added “ you may rely on my secrecy, and the papers shall not go out of my hands.”

In proportion as the baron advanced

in this discourse, so in the same degree did the countess regain her courage : her pallid looks and confusion gradually disappeared, and she politely said he should remain the arbiter of his nephew's destiny.

The baron, very well pleased with this answer, resumed his good-humour, and listened with attention to the recital of the many advantages that would result to his nephew from an union with Miss de Seligny.

“ Well, well,” replied the baron, “ it seems all right, but we must not force his inclinations ; let me manage this matter, and if he still persists in refusing the girl, I will soon make him hear reason.”

The countess once more consented

to all the baron required, and the best understanding took place between them, which continued until the moment the latter was obliged to leave the castle.

Julia, travelling day and night, nearly overcome by fatigue and sorrow, had almost reached her destination. Already she distinguished the chain of Pyrenees mountains, whose grey summits seemed to be lost in the horizon.

It was now five o'clock in the morning; the foliage of the trees, moist with a beneficent dew, waved over the roof of the carriage—a clear and serene sky, tufts of flowers and aromatic shrubs, from which exhaled the sweetest perfumes, invited the mind to meditation, and the heart to that soft melancholy which is but the gentle

repose of the soul dwelling on tender recollections.

Julia already felt their influence steal over her senses; a pleasing delirium had succeeded the grief she could not until now at all controul.— She still wept, but her tears flowed with less bitterness, her respiration was more free, and the balmy air, circulating around her, conveyed throughout her being a refreshing calm.

“ May I now know,” she said with gentleness to Madame Dumont, “ to what place you are going to conduct me?”

“ To-night,” replied Madame Dumont, “ we shall arrive at the end of our journey, and until then I have orders not to inform you.”

Julia sighed deeply, and continued

silently to admire the wild and picturesque country over which the carriage proceeded.

At three o'clock in the afternoon they reached a delightful valley, interspersed with several rivulets, whose waters, bordered by green turf, reflected the olive and ever-green oak trees, indigenous to this part of the Pyrenees.

The excessive heat induced Madame Dumont to order the carriage to stop : she took a basket containing provisions, and accompanied by Julia, seated herself near the edge of a streamlet, where several large trees formed a natural dome, impenetrable to the sun-beams. After having partaken of the refreshments, they stopped some time to enjoy the refreshing breezes playing around

them. Soon Madame Dumont's eyes, heavy from fatigue, insensibly closed, and she sunk into a sound sleep. Julia dared not at first venture to move from the place where she was for fear of awaking her ; at length the desire of more nearly observing the sweet walks by which she was surrounded became so ardent, that she determined to explore some of them. She with great caution quitted her seat on the grass, took some steps, then stopped and looked behind her, but believing Madame Dumont still slumbering, and that the coachman had also yielded to sleep, she ventured to advance a little farther, and attain the entrance of a beautiful wood, around which the same streamlet was winding itself which she had just left the border of.

Several narrow and crooked paths were before her; she entered one of them, where the flexible branches, wavering over her head, alternately concealed and rendered visible the sunbeams, which thus gliding over the moistened grass, seemed to strew it over with spangles, and give additional beauty and brilliancy to the wild flowers with which it was enamelled.

Julia walked slowly on, occasionally stopping to admire the surrounding landscape, and to meditate with more freedom on the late painful occurrences. Suddenly she perceived through a hedge, that divided another walk from the path she was pursuing, a peculiarly handsome dog : the animal was at her feet in a moment, then loudly barking, immediately disappeared. Julia,

struck by his uncommon beauty, advanced a few steps intending to follow him, when she observed a young girl, whose singular costume rivetted her attention. Her light brown hair, gracefully twisted up, was covered by a black veil thrown back and reaching to her girdle. Over her bosom she wore a handkerchief shaped like a nun's stomacher, which was confined within a corset, that marked a form equally supple and elegant. A rather short petticoat induced Julia to observe the sandals, laced with black cord, that covered her finely turned ancles and beautiful feet.

The surprise of Julia could only be equalled by the astonishment of the young girl on examining the muslin

gown and straw hat ornamented with feathers, worn by the stranger before her. Both motionless, they were looking attentively at each other, without uttering a sentence, when a coarse voice at some little distance pronounced some words in a provincial dialect, wholly unknown to Julia. The young girl seemed much displeased at hearing them, and after having bowed to Julia, with infinite grace she retired slowly, and with much apparent reluctance. But the same voice being again heard, in a more loud and imperative tone, the unknown female quickened her steps, and soon after disappeared among the trees.

Urged by curiosity, Julia's first impulse was to follow the road she had

seen her take, and she had already crossed several footpaths, covered with a light sand, on which the impression of the stranger's delicate feet was perceptible, and was proceeding towards a little rustic, thatched building, nearly covered by the thick branches of a group of trees, when the appearance of two men coming out of the cottage, whose dress was as extraordinary as that of the young female, caused her most serious alarm, and induced her speedily to retrace her footsteps. She did not stop, even to breathe, until she had reached the extremity of the wood, then leaning against a tree, she ventured to look behind her, and after thoroughly convincing herself she was not pursued, she regained sufficient

courage to join Madame Dumont, who on awaking had felt the greatest uneasiness at not finding Julia near her. She reproved her severely for having absented herself without permission, and they soon afterwards entered the carriage.

Julia, although much occupied by her late accidental meeting with the sweet girl in the wood, yet most ardently wished to interrogate Madame Dumont as to her future destination ; but the extreme ill-humour constantly expressed in that woman's countenance, together with the fear of obtaining only unpleasant answers, forced her to repress her curiosity ; and during the rest of the day she contented herself with dwelling on the recollection of

the young girl and the two strange looking men, whom she conjectured must be her companions in that lonely spot.

The shades of twilight had already began to extend over the country, and added a sombre tint to the foliage of the trees, whose tufted branches crossed the road, when the carriage reached a defile of the valley, where from numberless threatening rocks the wild vine, ivy, and other parasitical plants waved in long festoons down their broken edges. A little farther to the left Julia perceived a castle flanked with strong towers, and surrounded by a deep ditch ; the carriage passed over an ancient bridge, lined with heavy plates of iron, covered by rust. The

trampling of the horses' feet on passing over it produced a dull and plaintive, yet awful sound. Julia, with a sorrowful heart, had been some time attentively contemplating the venerable gothic building already half concealed by the shades of night ; and when she passed under the ponderous iron gate that closed the interior a scream of terror escaped her.

END OF VOL. I.

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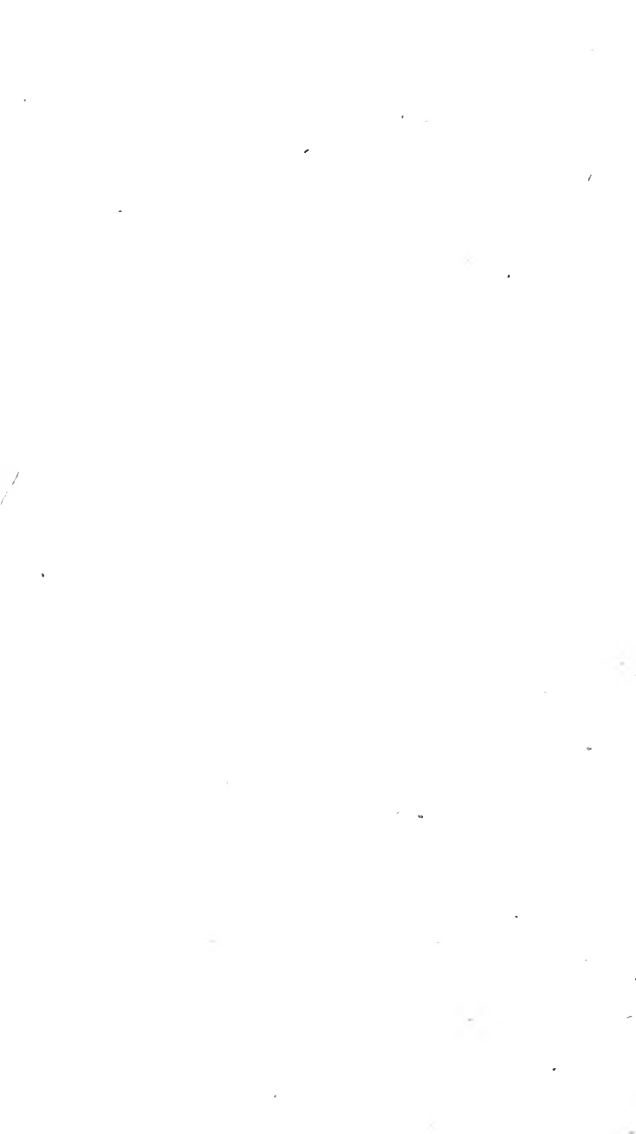
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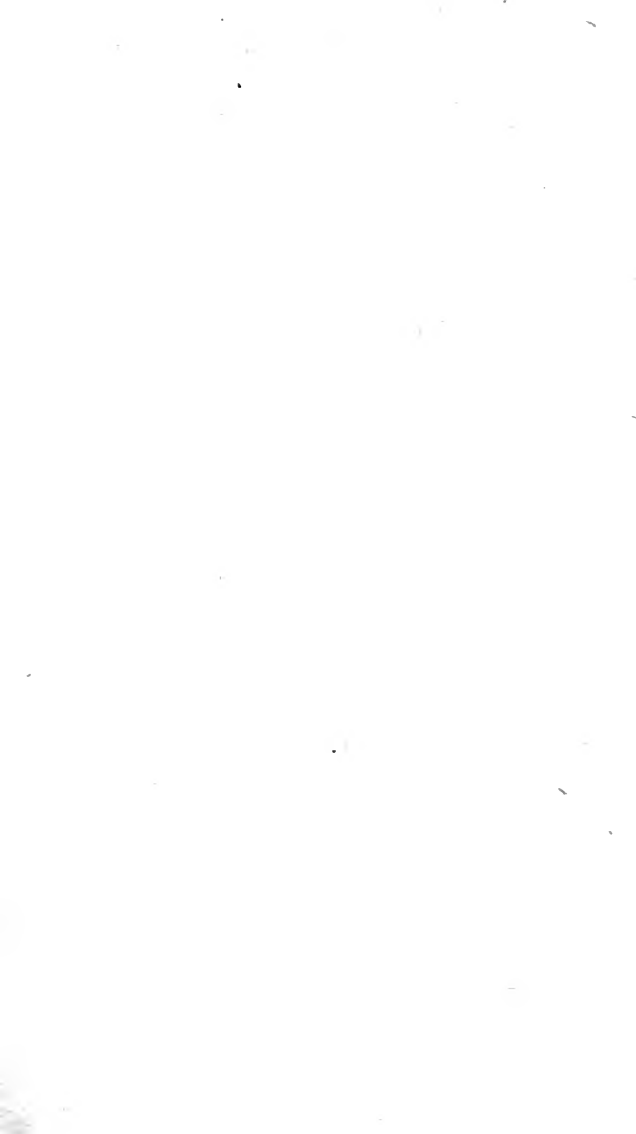
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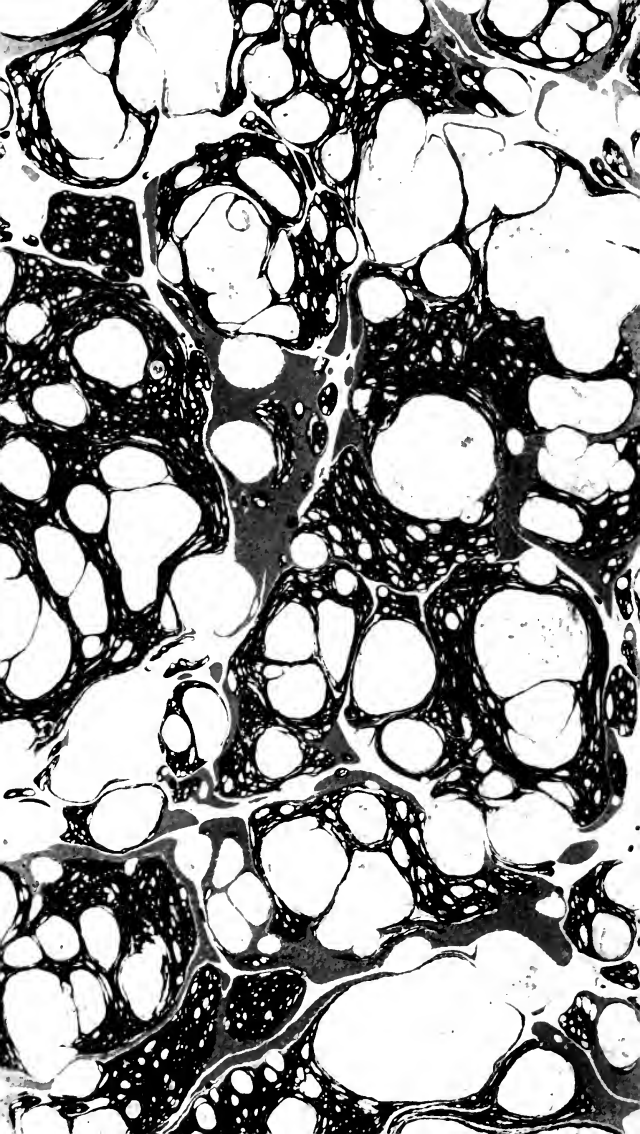


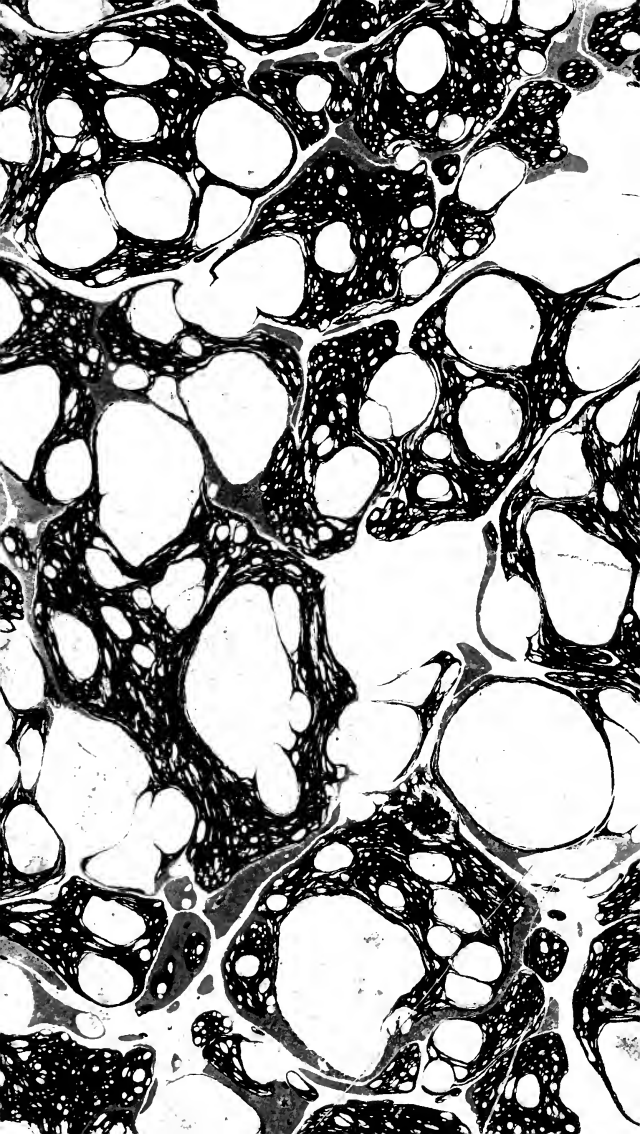












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